LAST GASP ECO-FUNNIES

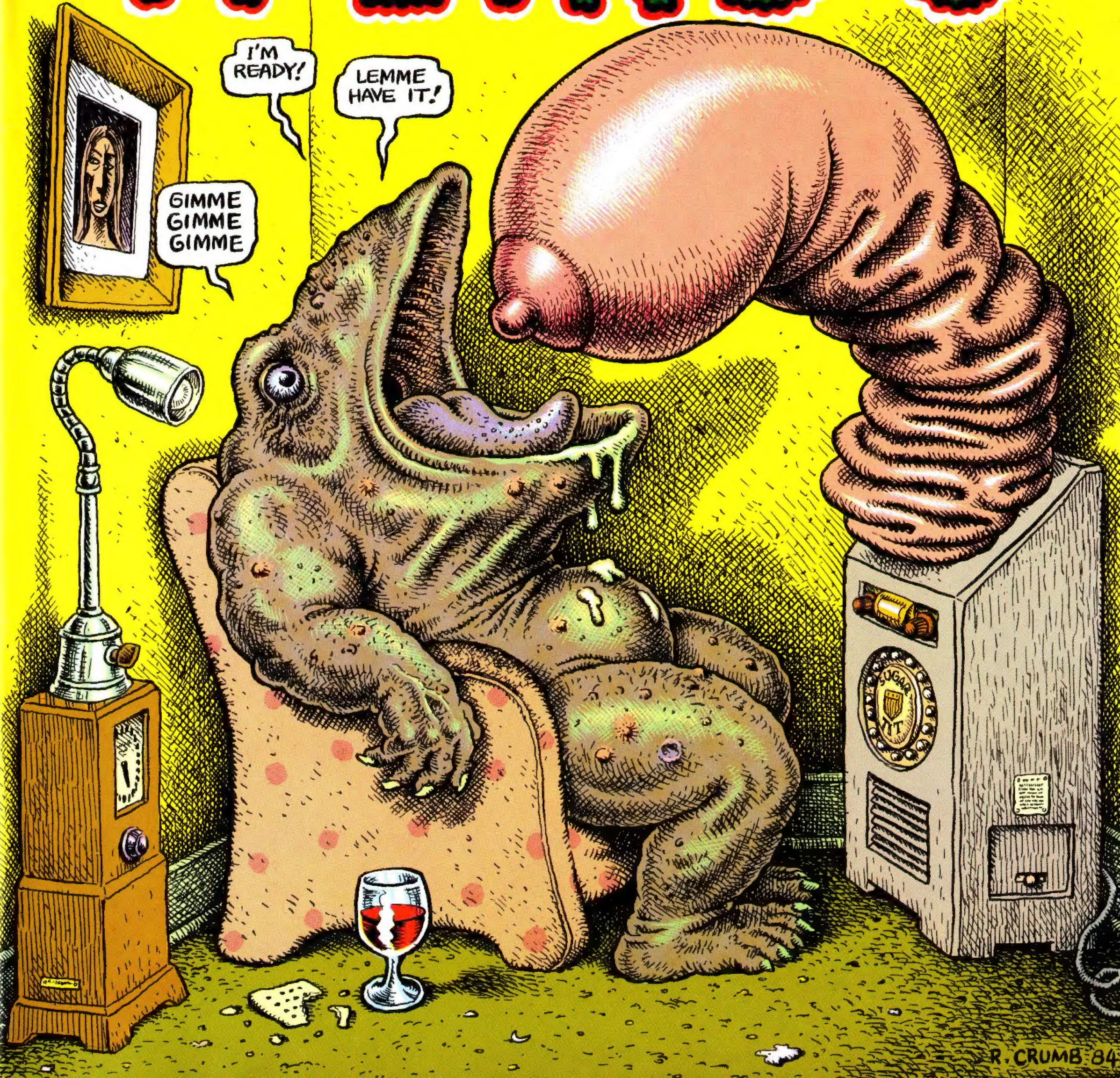
BIG DADDY ROTH★KIM DEITCH★MARTINI BATON

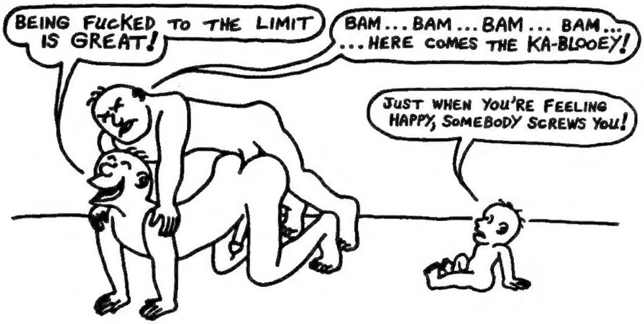
$3.95

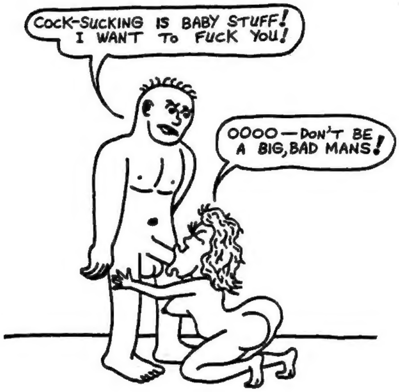
WEIRDO

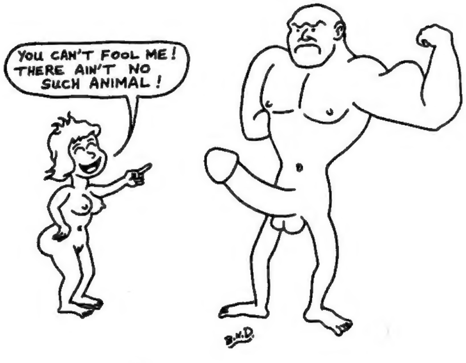
NO.11

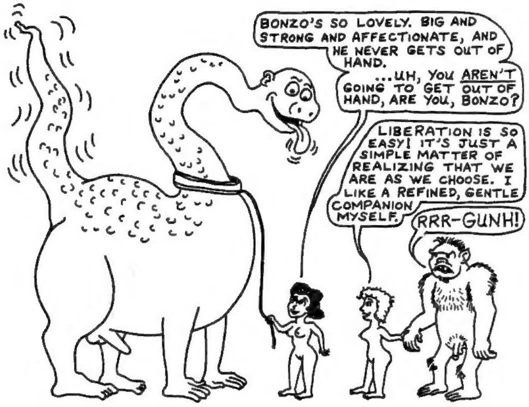
ADULTS ONLY

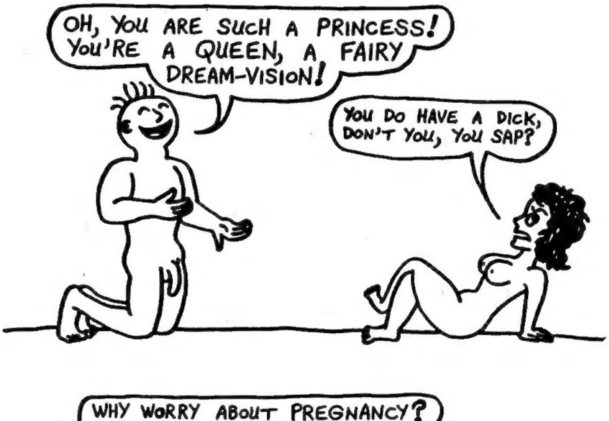

I'M READY!
LEMME HAVE IT!
GIMME GIMME GIMME
SUGAR TIT
R. CRUMB 84

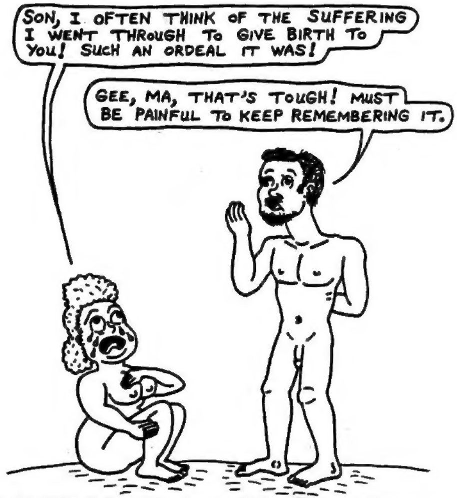

BEING FUCKED TO THE LIMIT IS GREAT!
BAM... BAM... BAM... BAM... ...HERE COMES THE KA-BLOOEY!
JUST WHEN YOU'RE FEELING HAPPY, SOMEBODY SCREWS YOU!

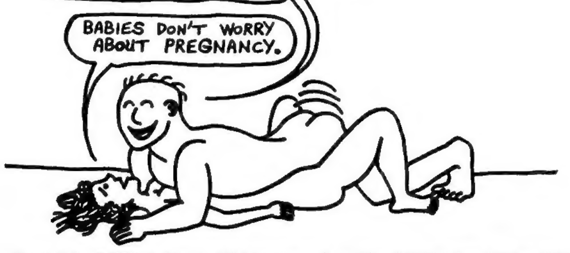

COCK-SUCKING IS BABY STUFF! I WANT TO FUCK YOU!
OOOO—DON'T BE A BIG, BAD MANS!


YOU CAN'T FOOL ME! THERE AIN'T NO SUCH ANIMAL!
B.K.D.

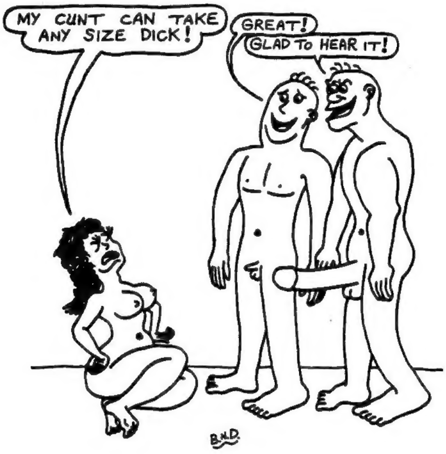

BONZO'S SO LOVELY. BIG AND STRONG AND AFFECTIONATE, AND HE NEVER GETS OUT OF HAND. ...UH, YOU AREN'T GOING TO GET OUT OF HAND, ARE YOU, BONZO?
LIBERATION IS SO EASY! IT'S JUST A SIMPLE MATTER OF REALIZING THAT WE ARE AS WE CHOOSE. I LIKE A REFINED, GENTLE COMPANION MYSELF.
RRR-GUNH!

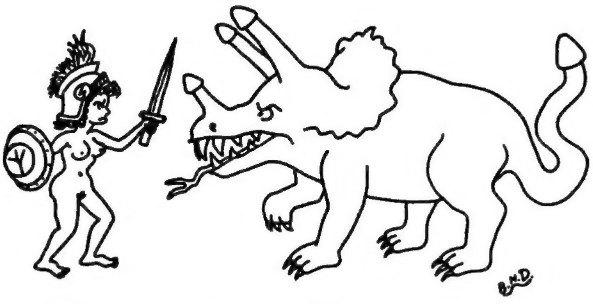

OH, YOU ARE SUCH A PRINCESS! YOU'RE A QUEEN, A FAIRY DREAM-VISION!
YOU DO HAVE A DICK, DON'T YOU, YOU SAP?

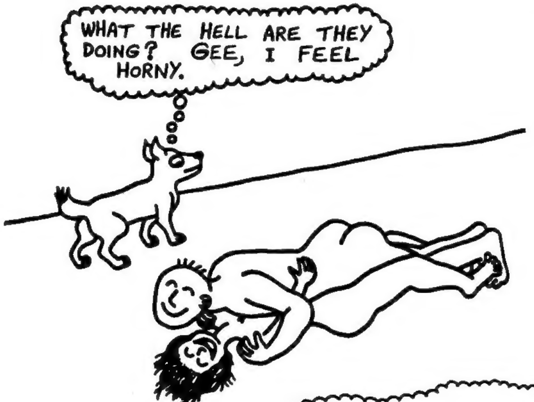

SON, I OFTEN THINK OF THE SUFFERING I WENT THROUGH TO GIVE BIRTH TO YOU! SUCH AN ORDEAL IT WAS!
GEE, MA, THAT'S TOUGH! MUST BE PAINFUL TO KEEP REMEMBERING IT.

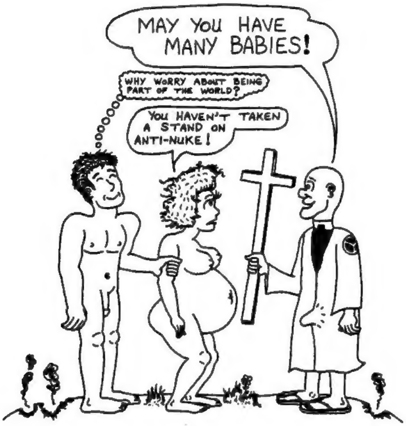

WHY WORRY ABOUT PREGNANCY? THIS SEX IS GREAT!
BABIES DON'T WORRY ABOUT PREGNANCY.

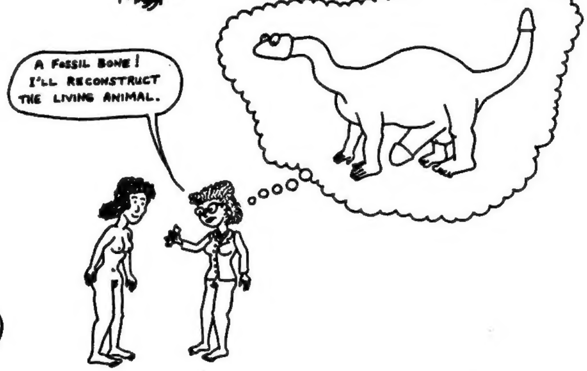
Weirdo #11 ©1993 R. Crumb. All rights reserved. Published by Last Gasp PO Box 410067 S.F. CA 94141-0067 Additional copies $5.00 each postpaid. Catalog of odd literature and underground comics $2.00. Age statement that you are over 18 years of age is required. Retailers: sell to adults only. ISBN 0-86719-160-0

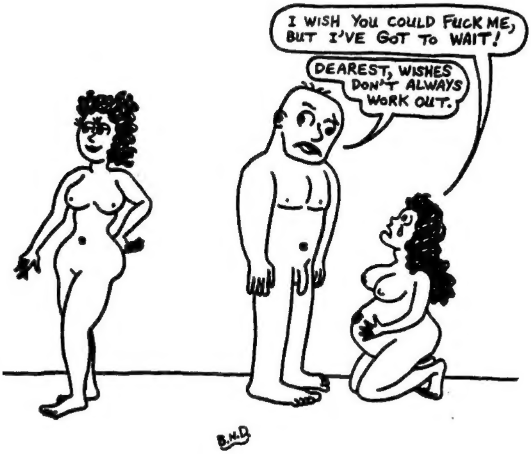

MY CUNT CAN TAKE ANY SIZE DICK!
GREAT!
GLAD TO HEAR IT!
B.N.D.

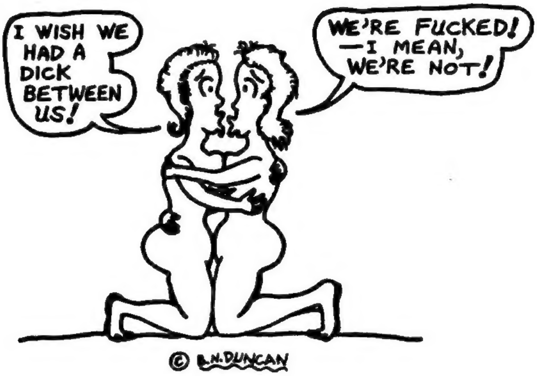

B.N.D.


WHAT THE HELL ARE THEY DOING? GEE, I FEEL HORNY.


MAY YOU HAVE MANY BABIES!
WHY WORRY ABOUT BEING PART OF THE WORLD?
YOU HAVEN'T TAKEN A STAND ON ANTI-NUKE!


A FOSSIL BONE! I'LL RECONSTRUCT THE LIVING ANIMAL.


I WISH YOU COULD FUCK ME, BUT I'VE GOT TO WAIT!
DEAREST, WISHES DON'T ALWAYS WORK OUT.
B.N.D.


I WISH WE HAD A DICK BETWEEN US!
WE'RE FUCKED! —I MEAN, WE'RE NOT!
© B.N.DUNCAN

THE KING OF THE OUT-CROWD!
WEIRDO

·NUMBER 11· *"THE **SWINGIN'-EST, ZINGIN'-EST, RING**-A-DING-DINGIN'-EST **MAGAZINE** EVER!"* ·FALL, 1984·

*... AND YET **ANOTHER** NEW ADDRESS!:*

TO WEIRDO,
LOVE YOUR STUFF, MAN!
— FRANK SINATRA

Send your Stupid
Letters and Lousy Art to
PETER BAGGE
BOX 34
KIRKLAND, WA.
98033

*GREETIN'S, CRETINS, TO THE **LATEST, GREATEST** ISSUE OF **WEIRDO** MAGAZINE YET! THIS ISSUE IS **SO GREAT** THAT I CAN HARDLY STAND IT! IT IS SO **INCREDIBLY FANTASTIC** THAT I CAN'T WAIT TO FINISH LETTERING THIS FRIGGIN' LETTERS PAGE AND RUN IT DOWN TO THE PUBLISHER SO'S HE CAN GET IT PRINTED AND DISTRIBUTED AND IN THE STORES SO YOU CAN BUY IT AND SEE FOR YOURSELF WHAT AN **ASS-KICKIN', MIND-FREAKIN', WHEELIE-POPPIN', EYEBALL-MELTIN' MOTHER-FUCKER** OF A **PUBLICATION** THIS BABY REALLY IS!!!!!!!!*

*INCLUDED WITHIN THE PAGES OF THIS HISTORY-MAKING COMIC BOOK IS THE WORK OF **BRUCE CARLETON, KIM DEITCH** AND **"BIG-DADDY" ROTH**, WHO ARE WITHOUT QUESTION THREE OF THE **GREATEST ARTISTS** OF THE **TWENTIETH CENTURY**! OY, ZUCH **TALENT**! YA CAN'T BEAT IT WITH A **STICK**!*

OF COURSE, SOME OF YOU MAY FEEL THAT I'M GROSSLY UNDERRATING THIS FINE MAG, BUT THE ONLY WAY I'LL EVER KNOW WHAT YOU THINK IS IF YOU WRITE TO US! LIKE THESE FOLKS FER INSTANCE...

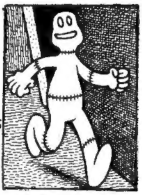
PETER,

...ABOUT WEIRDO #10... I WAS IMPRESSED! PARTICULARLY ENJOYED KAZ'S STORY AND YOUR "THE REJECT." I'VE KNOWN A FEW WEIRD OUTCASTS LIKE THE ONE YOU DESCRIBED + I FELT THAT YOU CAPTURED THE SIMULTANEOUS FEELINGS OF PITY + REVULSION THAT THIS TYPE OF BEING TENDS TO INSPIRE IN THOSE OF US WHO ARE MORE "FORTUNATE." IT'S SAD... SOME PEOPLE SEEM TO HAVE NO PLACE IN THE MODERN WORLD. WHEN YOU GET OLDER, YOU IGNORE THE OUTCASTS. I DON'T KNOW... MAYBE THE "REJECTS" OF OUR SOCIETY END UP GUNNING DOWN THE PATRONS OF THEIR LOCAL McDONALD'S, OR TAKE THEIR OWN LIVES, OR CRAWL AWAY + HIDE THE REST OF THEIR LIVES. MAYBE, SOMEHOW, THEY BECOME "NORMAL" ENOUGH SO AS NOT TO ATTRACT UNDUE ATTENTION TO THEMSELVES. ONE THING IS CLEAR... OUR FEELINGS ABOUT PEOPLE LIKE THAT DON'T CHANGE THAT MUCH...

— J.R. WILLIAMS
PORTLAND, ORE.

— I'LL TELL YOU WHAT HAPPENED TO ONE "REJECT" I GREW UP WITH: HE IS NOW A TECHNICIAN ON A NUCLEAR SUBMARINE — LITERALLY "THE MAN WITH HIS FINGER ON THE BUTTON". TALK ABOUT GETTING EVEN WITH THE WORLD!

BY THE WAY, J.R. WILL HAVE A TWO-PAGE STRIP IN WEIRDO #12 FEATURING HIS WORDLESS CHARACTER "SKIN-BOY." HE ALSO HAS PUT OUT SOME TOP-NOTCH MINI-COMICS THAT YOU ALL MUST ORDER IMMEDIATELY. SEND $1.50 P.P. TO 1418 S.E. 29th AVE. PORTLAND, ORE. 97214. —



— THIS FOLLOWING LETTER FROM KIM DEITCH MAY ANSWER A FEW QUESTIONS YOU MIGHT HAVE AFTER READING HIS STORY "TWO JEWS FROM THE BRONX"...

PETER,

....PRACTICALLY EVERYTHING IN "TWO JEWS" IS BASED ON FACT. THE POPE BUSINESS IS A TRUE STORY. MY BROTHER TOLD IT TO ME ONE DAY AND IT TOOK A GOOD TEN YEARS BEFORE I FIGURED OUT HOW TO USE IT.

MY BROTHER IS NOW MARRIED AND LIVING IN HIS OWN HOUSE IN WHITE PLAINS, N.Y. HE'S A GOOD FELLOW. IN FACT THERE'S NO ONE I FEEL CLOSER TO.

...NOW, AS I SIT HERE READING WEIRDO #8, I FIND MYSELF THINKING: THIS BAGGE GUY'S A FOOL IF HE DOESN'T SEE THE POTENTIAL THAT WEIRDO HAS TO BE A GREAT PUBLICATION. DON'T BE DISCOURAGED BY ANYONE'S SEEMING INDIFFERENCE OR DISTAIN TOWARDS THE MAG. THEY'LL COME AROUND TO SUPPORT IT, SO LONG AS YOU GIVE IT YOUR BEST EFFORT...

...GOOD LUCK AND BEST WISHES,
— KIM DEITCH,
LOS ANGELES, CAL.

— DON'T WORRY KIM, I THINK I'VE BLOWN IT ALREADY!... NOW HERE'S A LETTER FROM ROBT. WILLIAMS, IN REFERENCE TO THIS ISSUE'S ROTH PIECE...)

PETER,

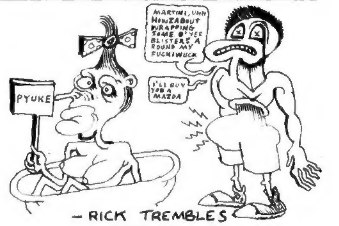
...IF ANY OF YOUR READERS ARE STILL INTERESTED IN ROTH CULTURE AND WOULD ACTUALLY LIKE TO LAP AT HIS BOOTS, EVERY YEAR ROTH THROWS A BIG BASH CALLED THE "RAT FINK REUNION." MY WIFE + I STARTED THE FIRST ONE IN 1977. THE LAST ONE WAS GREAT, THE GUEST OF HONOR WAS (CUSTOM CAR BUILDER) VON DUTCH! PEOPLE CAME FROM ALL OVER TO MEET DUTCH. THE PARTY WASN'T 45 MINUTES OLD BEFORE DUTCH GOT SO DRUNK THAT HE TOLD EVERYONE AT THE PARTY THAT THEY WEREN'T WORTHY OF HIS PRESENCE AND FOR EVERYONE TO GO FUCK THEMSELVES. THEN HE STORMED OUT.

THIS YEAR'S PARTY IS THE LAST SATURDAY BEFORE CHRISTMAS. WRITE TO ROTH (14245 FELICIANO, LA MIRADA, CA. 90638) FOR DETAILS.

— ROBERT WILLIAMS,
NORTH HOLLYWOOD, CA.

DEAR PETER BAGGE,

HERE'S A COPY OF MY MAGAZINE "SUGAR DIET," WHICH I THINK IS ALOT LIKE JOHN HOLMSTROM'S PUNK MAGAZINE, BECAUSE IF IT WASN'T FOR PUNK MAGAZINE, SUGAR DIET WOULD NOT HAVE LOOKED ALOT LIKE IT! (?!?!?). DO YOU THINK YOU COULD HELP ME GET RID OF SOME COPIES? I'VE GOT ALOT LYING AROUND. HERE ALSO IS MY DRAWING OF MARTINI BATON:


MARTINI, UHH HOWZABOUT WRAPPING SOME O' YER BLISTERS AROUND MY FUCKIWUCK
I'LL BUY YOU A MAZDA
PYUKE

— RICK TREMBLES
MONTREAL, CAN.

— OKAY EVERYBODY, HELP CLEAN OUT RICK'S APARTMENT BY ORDERING A COPY OF SUGAR DIET! - 500 6 PARK AVE, MONTREAL, QUE, CAN. H2V-4E8 — IT'S A NEAT PUNK 'ZINE WITH PECULIAR COMICS BY RICK AND REBECCA "T." — ALSO NOTE RICK'S STRIP "FUN CITY" IN THIS ISSUE OF WEIRDO —

— CRUMB IS STILL RECEIVING ALOT OF WEIRD LETTERS FROM YOU FOLKS OUT THERE. HERE'S A FEW...

...JUST READ WEIRDO #8. WHAT A WASTE OF $2.50! SO YOU'RE IMPOTENT AND READY TO TURN TO GOD. A MAN ON HIS KNEES DOESN'T DESERVE TO FUCK!...

HONESTLY, ANY OF THE STUFF WE SENT YOU WAS 1000 TIMES MORE MEANINGFUL THAN ANY OF THE SHIT YOU PRINTED! HOW COME YOU NEVER WROTE BACK? DOES THE TRUTH OFFEND YOU THAT MUCH, 'FRAIDY CAT?

— PETE + RUTH CALABRIA
LATHAM, N.Y.

...I SHOWED A DIRTY LAUNDRY TO CHARLES M. SCHULTZ. YOU SHOULD'VE SEEN THE LOOK ON HIS FACE WHEN HE SAW THAT PANAL OF ALINE! ("I'M COMING! I'M COMING! KILL ME! KILL ME!...) INCIDENTALLY, SCHULTZ WAS MORE CRITICAL OF MY LATEST STRIP THAN YOU WERE. OF COURSE I'M NOT INTIMIDATED BY THIS TRIPE! IT'S OBVIOUS YOU AND SCHULTZ ARE **TERRIFIED** OF MY MASSIVE TALENTS, AND YOU CAN'T HANDLE ANY REAL COMPETITION! NYAHH!!...

— ACE BACKWARDS
BERKELEY, CA.

... I'VE WRITTEN YOU SOME PRETTY CRAZY LETTERS, HAVEN'T I? WELL, I'M A GIRL OF MANY MOODS, BUT I'M ON THE STRAIGHT + NARROW (I HAVE A GOOD JOB, EAT 3 SQUARE MEALS A DAY, MASTURBATE REGULARLY, + WISH I DIDN'T HAVE A MUSTACHE). OTHER THAN THAT I MAY GO BACK TO N.Y.C. AND MARRY A HOT ITALIAN. ANYWAY, I'LL PROBABLY CONTINUE TO WRITE TO YOU 'CUZ YOU'RE SO GREAT TO TALK TO... WILL YOU EVER WRITE TO ME AGAIN, BOBBY? (SOB)...

— ANNIE "ELF"
VANCOUVER, B.C.

— DO ANY OF YOU STILL WONDER WHY CRUMB QUIT EDITING THIS THING?

WEIRDO #11, FALL, 1984. Published by LAST GASP ECO-FUNNIES,

ADVICE to the PARANOID

Guest Editorial by JANE B. KING

OURS ARE UNCERTAIN **TIMES**, ESPECIALLY SINCE MORE HORRIFYING CRIMES ARE BEING COMMITTED EVERY DAY BY NUT-BOYS AND -GIRLS WHO GO OFF THE DEEP END FROM LISTENING TO ONE DEVIL-WORSHIPPING HEAVY-METAL BAND TOO MANY, OR SIMPLY FROM MOWING THE LAWN. JUST ABOUT ANYTHING CAN TRIGGER TEMPORARY OR PERMANENT INSANITY, YET WE WASTE OUR TIME WORRYING ABOUT SUCH DISTANT PROBLEMS LIKE THE-END-OF-THE-WORLD OR THE HIGH-CHOLESTEROL COUNT IN RED MEAT, COMPLETELY IGNORING OUR SEEMINGLY BENIGN YET ACTUALLY MALEFICENT NEIGHBORS WHO COULD ONE DAY GO KOO-KOO AND STRANGLE THE BURGER KING CASHIER JUST 'CUZ THEY HELD THE LETTUCE AND THE MAYO ON THEIR JUNIOR WHOPPER WITH CHEESE

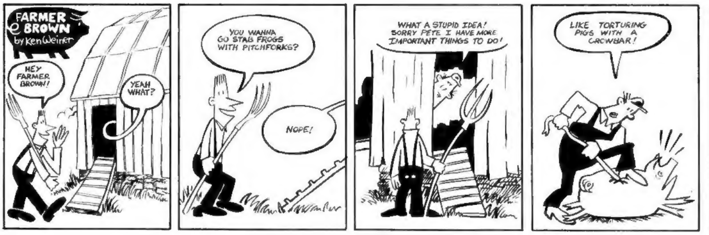
THIS CAVALIER ATTITUDE WITH WHICH WE VEIW OUR PROSPECTIVE MURDERERS IS ALMOST AS CRIMINAL AS THE CRIMES THEMSELVES. WE FUTURE VICTIMS SEEM TO PREFER TO SIT BACK, RELAX, AND VIRTUALLY WAIT FOR THE FIREWORKS TO BEGIN! BUT INSTEAD OF SPENDING ALL OUR TIME ON OUR REAR-ENDS WAITING FOR THE FIRST OPPORTUNITY TO GET DISEMBOWELED, HOW'S ABOUT TURNING AROUND AND NIPPING THESE LOSERS IN THE BUD FOR A CHANGE?! I'VE GIVEN THIS A GREAT DEAL OF THOUGHT LATELY AND I THINK I KNOW HOW TO DO IT.

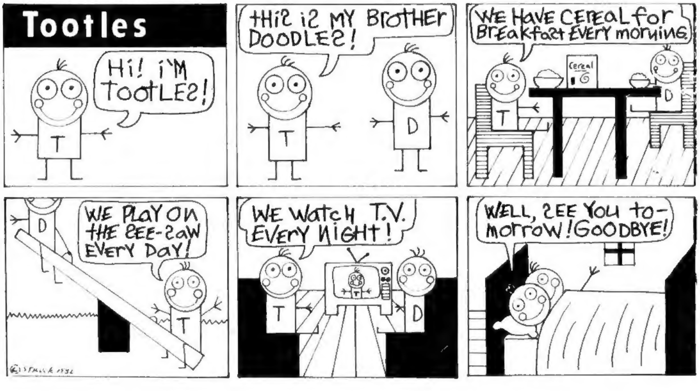
STEP 1: BEGIN TO THINK, FEEL, ACT, EVEN EAT AND DRINK LIKE A VIGILANTE. NO MORE ASKING YOURSELF "SHOULD I HAVE A PEPSI OR A PEPSI-FREE?" **OBVIOUSLY** YOU SHOULD GO FOR THE **CAFFEINE** —IT'LL KEEP YOU ALERT. ALSO, NOTHING SHARPENS WITS AND FOCUSES CONCENTRATION POWERS BETTER THAN A BONGFUL OF DOPE SPRINKLED LIBERALLY WITH ANGEL DUST. AND **DON'T** SETTLE FOR THE CHEAP STUFF - MAKE SURE YOUR ANGEL DUST IS THE REAL THING, DERIVED FROM THE REMAINS OF **DEAD HELL'S ANGELS.**

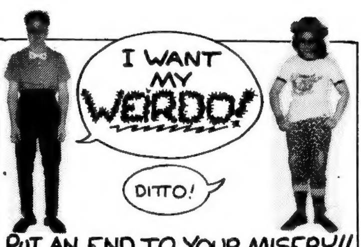
STEP 2: HOW TO DISTINGUISH THE MANIACAL LUNATICS FROM NORMAL PEOPLE LIKE YOU OR I. THE ABILITY TO WEED OUT AN-EVIL-DOER IN A CROWD OF PEOPLE IS **IMPERATIVE**, BUT THE PROCESS IS NOT AS SIMPLE AS IT ONCE WAS. WHY, AT ONE TIME EVERYBODY KNEW THAT A YOUNG MAN DONNED IN A LEATHER JACKET, MOTORCYCLE BOOTS AND TIGHT PANTS MEANT NOTHING BUT TROUBLE. TODAY, YOUNG MEN SPORTING SUCH ATTIRE ARE THE BIGGEST WIMPS AROUND, IF YOU GET MY MEANING. NOPE, THE ONES TO WATCH OUT FOR THESE DAYS ARE THOSE GARBED IN NON-DESCRIPT WINDBREAKERS, RUNNING SHOES, T-SHIRTS AND JEANS (DESIGNER OR REGULAR). THIS IS NOT TO SAY YOU SHOULDN'T SUSPECT ANYBODY ELSE. HOWEVER, A GOOD RULE OF THUMB IS: THE MORE **UNREMARKABLE** THE OUTFIT, THE **CRAZIER** THE WEARER.

ACCESSORIES CAN BE A DEAD GIVEAWAY WHEN IT COMES TO SPOTTING MURDERERS. A VIOLIN CASE CONCEALING A MACHINE-GUN IS AN OBVIOUS EXAMPLE, BUT WHAT I'M DRIVING AT HERE IS SOMETHING SUBTLER. TO ILLUSTRATE, A 33.8 oz. BOTTLE OF SPRITE IS ALL THAT IS NEEDED TO PERFORM CHINESE WATER TORTURE. THINK ABOUT IT.

STEP 3: HOW TO DEAL WITH CRIMINALS ON A ONE-TO-ONE BASIS. SUPPOSE A **WOULD-BE MURDERER** SIDLES UP TO YOU ON THE STREET, ASKING FOR THE TIME OF DAY. THE THING TO DO IN A SITUATION LIKE THIS IS TO (a.) SHOVE THEM INTO THE GUTTER, AND RUN AWAY. THE IMPACT OF THE FALL TEMPORARILY RENDERS THEM HARMLESS- UNTIL NEXT TIME! (b.) **USE PSYCHOLOGY!** CALL THE CRIMINALS ATTENTION TO OTHER POTENTIAL VICTIMS, EMPHASIZING THEIR GOOD POINTS, i.e.: THE OLD LADY WITH THE CHINCHILLA WRAP, THE GENTLEMAN WITH THE SOLID GOLD ROLEX, THE BLITHESOME YOUNG WOMAN WITH THE BIG SET OF KNOCKERS. THIS INCITEFUL APPROACH WILL WARM YOUR MOLESTERS HEART, AND HE WILL BE GRATEFUL. FINALLY, IF YOU ASSUME YOUR ATTACKER IS ABOUT TO RAPE YOU (c) TELL HIM YOU HAVE A **HEADACHE**


FARMER BROWN
by Ken Weiner
HEY FARMER BROWN!
YEAH WHAT?
YOU WANNA GO STAB FROGS WITH PITCHFORKS?
NOPE!
WHAT A STUPID IDEA! SORRY PETE I HAVE MORE IMPORTANT THINGS TO DO!
LIKE TORTURING PIGS WITH A CROWBAR!

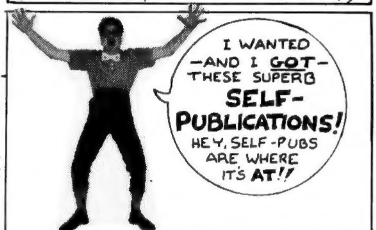

Tootles
Hi! i'M TootLE2!
tHi2 i2 MY BrotHer DOODLE2!
T
D
WE Have CEreal for BrEakfa2t EVEry morning
Cereal
WE PlaY On the 2EE-2aW EVErY DaY!
WE WatcH T.V. EVErY NiGHt!
WELL, 2EE You to-morroW! GOODBYE!


I WANT MY WEIRDO!
DITTO!

PUT AN END TO YOUR MISERY!!

OWN A COMPLETE SET OF WEIRDOS!

ISSUES 1—4: $2.25 EACH. ISSUES 5-10: $2.50 EACH.
INCLUDE $1.50 FOR POSTAGE WITH YOUR ORDER.
SEND TO: LAST GASP ECO-FUNNIES
2180 BRYANT ST.
SAN FRANCISCO, CA. 94110
(REMEMBER FANS, WEIRDO IS AN "ARTIFACT!")


I WANTED —AND I GOT— THESE SUPERB SELF-PUBLICATIONS! HEY, SELF-PUBS ARE WHERE IT'S AT!!

— **OBSCURE** no.1 — *COMICS, COMICS AND MORE COMICS IN THE U.G. TRADITION. FUNNY STUFF BY D.C. ROBERTS, STEVE CRAFT, OTHERS. 3326 E. ANAHEIM ST. #124 LONG BEACH, CAL. 90804.*

— **YUMMY FUR** — *6 ISSUES THUS FAR OF THIS SMALL XEROXED BOOK BY TALENTED CARTOONIST CHESTER BROWN. ONLY 25¢ PER. TO: 22 ALBANY AVE., TORONTO, ONT. M5R 3C3, CANADA.*

— **CASUAL CASUAL** — *MONTHLY CANADIAN XEROXED COMIC BOOK, EDITED BY CARTOONIST PETER DAKO. ALSO FEATURES C. BROWN, OTHERS. 536 RICHMOND ST. WEST, TORONTO, ONT., CAN. M5V-1Y4. 75¢ ea. or $5.00 FOR ALL 10.*

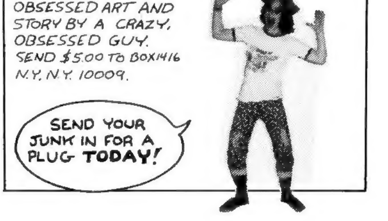
— **NOT AVAILABLE COMICS** — *WHOLE CATOLOG OF SUPER SIMPLE, SUPER FUNNY MINI-COMICS BY MATT FEAZELL. A MUST! 25¢ per BOOK. ASK FOR CATOLOG. BOX 5803, RALEIGH, N.C. 27650*

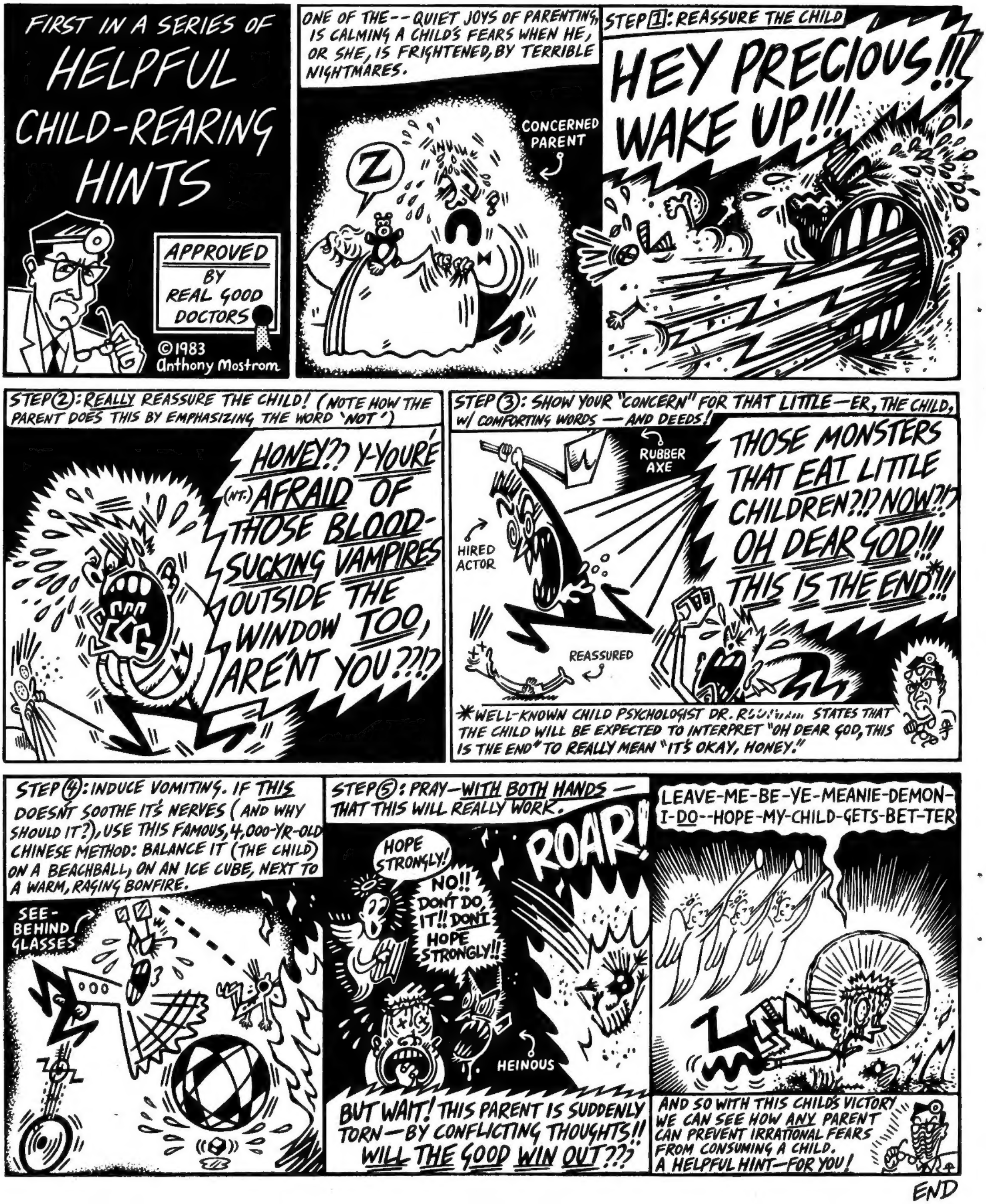
— **MUMBLES** — *VERY ODD COMIC MAGAZINE FROM KANSAS. GOOD STORIES, ESPECIALLY BY EDITOR JOHN E. $2.50 to P.O.B. 7243, WICHITA, KS 67218.*

— **APATOONS** — *FANZINE FOR ANIMATED CARTOON FANS. ACTUALLY MANY FANZINES IN ONE! CRAMMED WITH INFO. WRITE TO: JERRY BECK, 14 HORATIO ST. #8-C, N.Y., N.Y., 10014.*

— **BRIDGE CITY REVUE** — *ONE OF MANY COMIC BOOKS PUT OUT BY DAVE GEARY (SEE "NATURE LOVERS" IN THIS ISH.) YOU MAY ALSO RECALL DAVES "MODERN BOY" STRIP IN WEIRDO #9. ASK ABOUT HIS OTHER TITLES, THEY DATE BACK TO 1970! 701 7th AVE. SASKATOON, SASK. CAN.*

— **THE MYSTERY OF WOOLVERINE WOO-BAIT** — *BIG BEAUTIFUL BOOK BY CARTOONIST JOE COLEMAN. CRAZY, OBSESSED ART AND STORY BY A CRAZY, OBSESSED GUY. SEND $5.00 TO BOX 1416 N.Y. N.Y. 10009.*


SEND YOUR JUNK IN FOR A PLUG TODAY!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HELPFUL CHILD-REARING HINTS
APPROVED BY REAL GOOD DOCTORS
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ONE OF THE-- QUIET JOYS OF PARENTING, IS CALMING A CHILD'S FEARS WHEN HE, OR SHE, IS FRIGHTENED, BY TERRIBLE NIGHTMARES.
Z
CONCERNED PARENT
STEP 1: REASSURE THE CHILD
HEY PRECIOUS!!! WAKE UP!!!
STEP ②: REALLY REASSURE THE CHILD! (NOTE HOW THE PARENT DOES THIS BY EMPHASIZING THE WORD 'NOT')
HONEY?? Y-YOU'RE (NT.) AFRAID OF THOSE BLOOD-SUCKING VAMPIRES OUTSIDE THE WINDOW TOO, AREN'T YOU??!?
STEP ③: SHOW YOUR "CONCERN" FOR THAT LITTLE—ER, THE CHILD, w/ COMFORTING WORDS — AND DEEDS!
RUBBER AXE
HIRED ACTOR
THOSE MONSTERS THAT EAT LITTLE CHILDREN?!? NOW?!? OH DEAR GOD!!! THIS IS THE END*!!!
REASSURED
*WELL-KNOWN CHILD PSYCHOLOGIST DR. R[illegible] STATES THAT THE CHILD WILL BE EXPECTED TO INTERPRET "OH DEAR GOD, THIS IS THE END" TO REALLY MEAN "IT'S OKAY, HONEY."
STEP ④: INDUCE VOMITING. IF THIS DOESN'T SOOTHE IT'S NERVES (AND WHY SHOULD IT?), USE THIS FAMOUS, 4,000-YR-OLD CHINESE METHOD: BALANCE IT (THE CHILD) ON A BEACHBALL, ON AN ICE CUBE, NEXT TO A WARM, RAGING BONFIRE.
SEE-BEHIND GLASSES
STEP ⑤: PRAY—WITH BOTH HANDS — THAT THIS WILL REALLY WORK.
HOPE STRONGLY!
NO!! DON'T DO IT!! DON'T HOPE STRONGLY!!
ROAR!
HEINOUS
BUT WAIT! THIS PARENT IS SUDDENLY TORN—BY CONFLICTING THOUGHTS!! WILL THE GOOD WIN OUT???
LEAVE-ME-BE-YE-MEANIE-DEMON-I-DO--HOPE-MY-CHILD-GETS-BET-TER
AND SO WITH THIS CHILD'S VICTORY WE CAN SEE HOW ANY PARENT CAN PREVENT IRRATIONAL FEARS FROM CONSUMING A CHILD. A HELPFUL HINT—FOR YOU!
END

An Updated Fairy Tale for today's ultra-cynical kids!

GOLDILOCKS and the THREE BEARS

by R. Crumb

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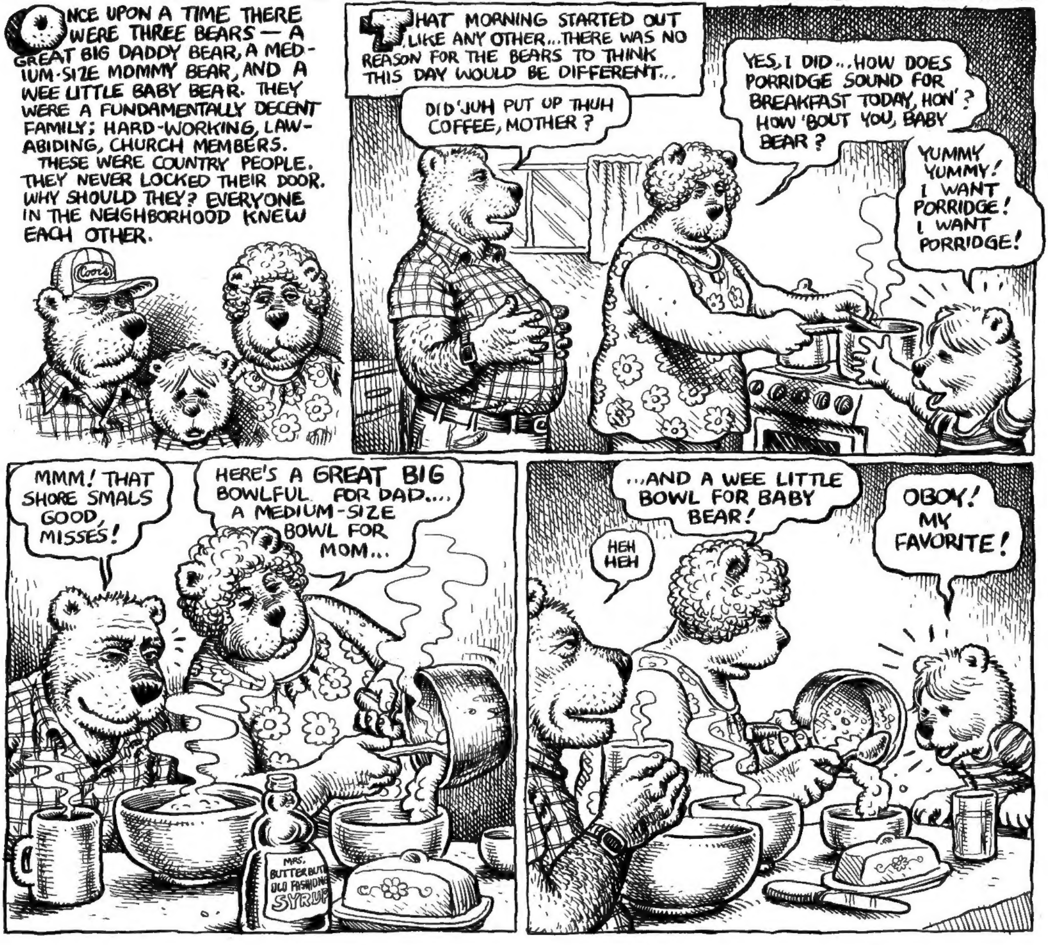
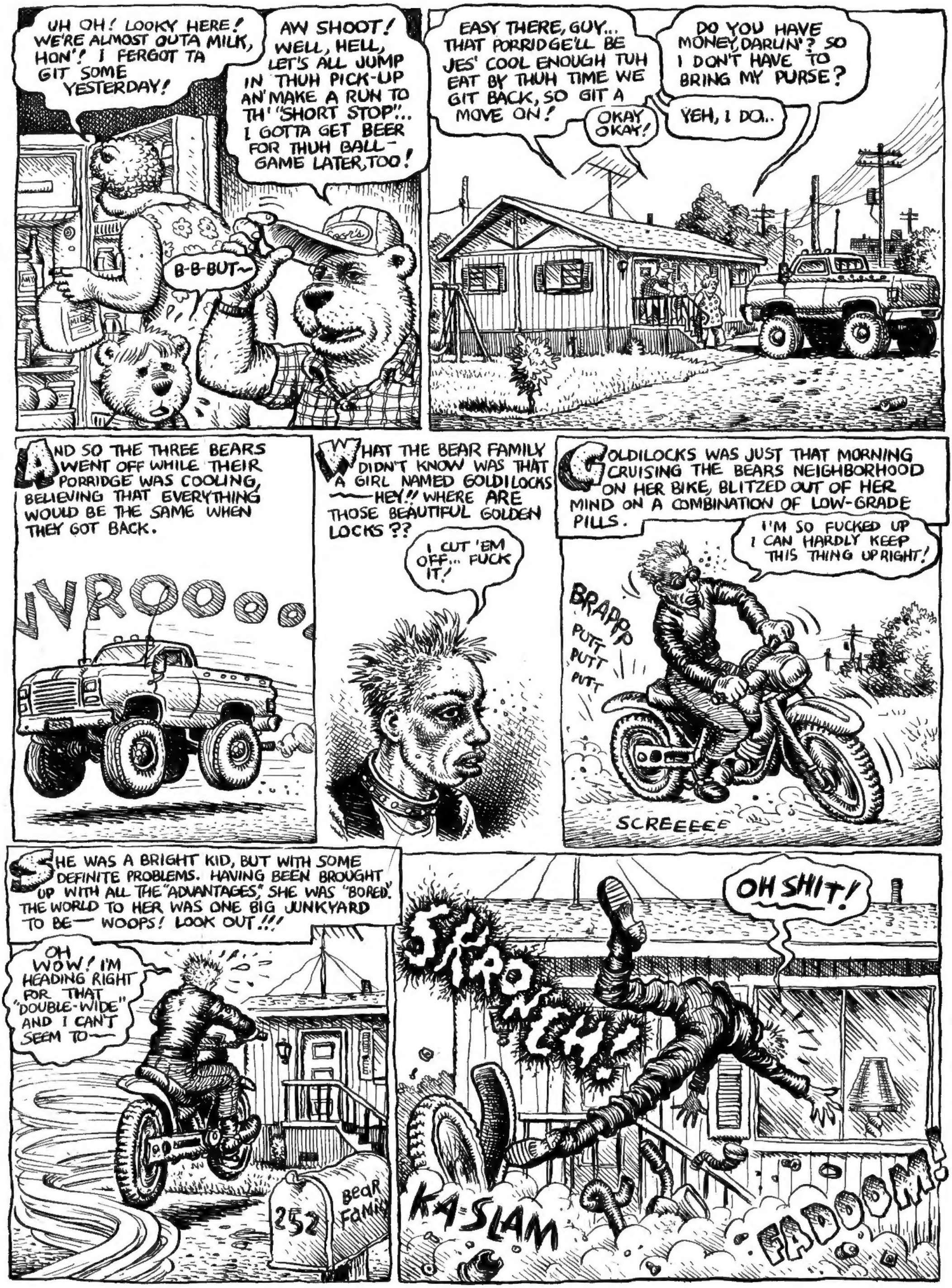
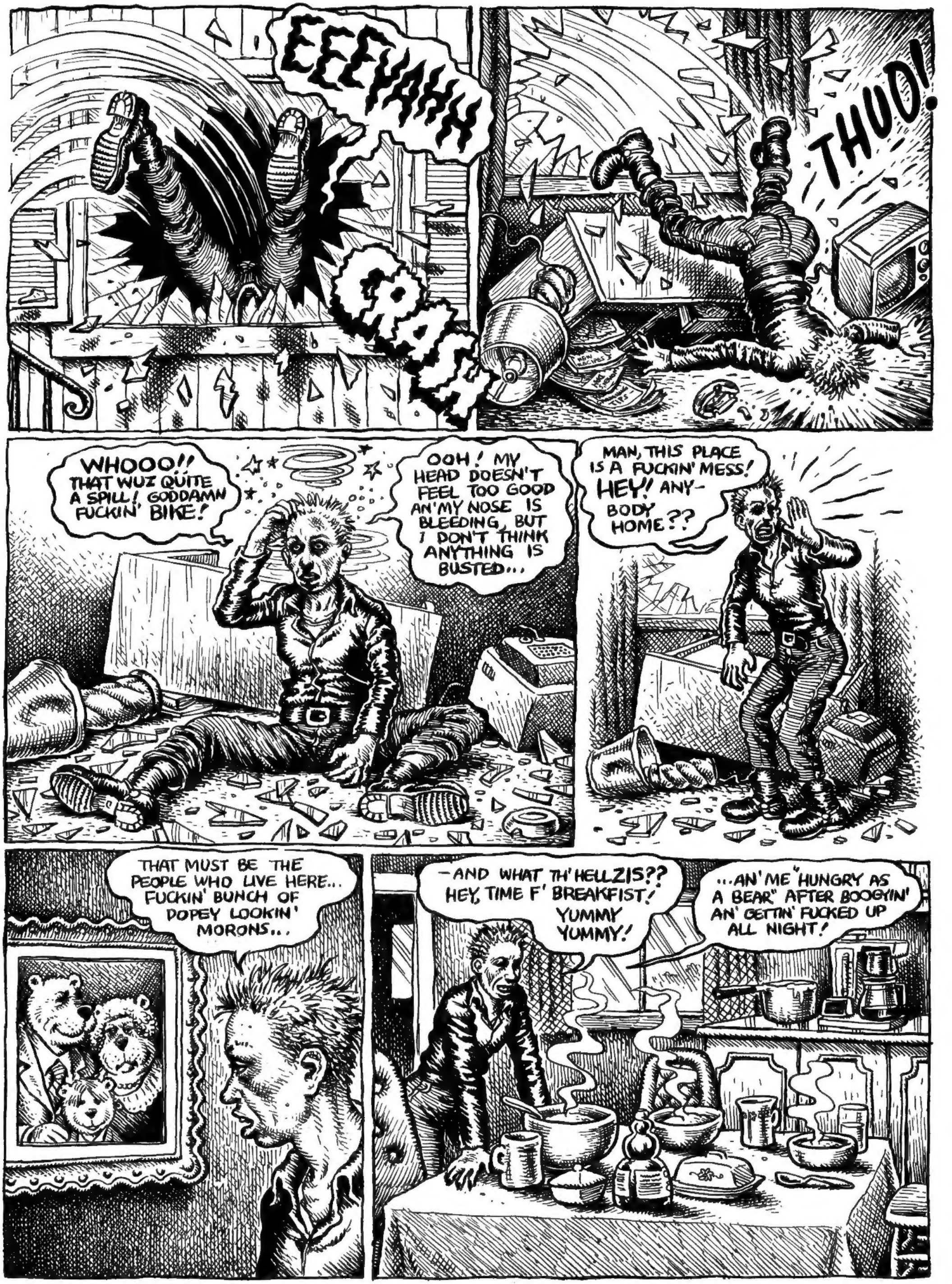
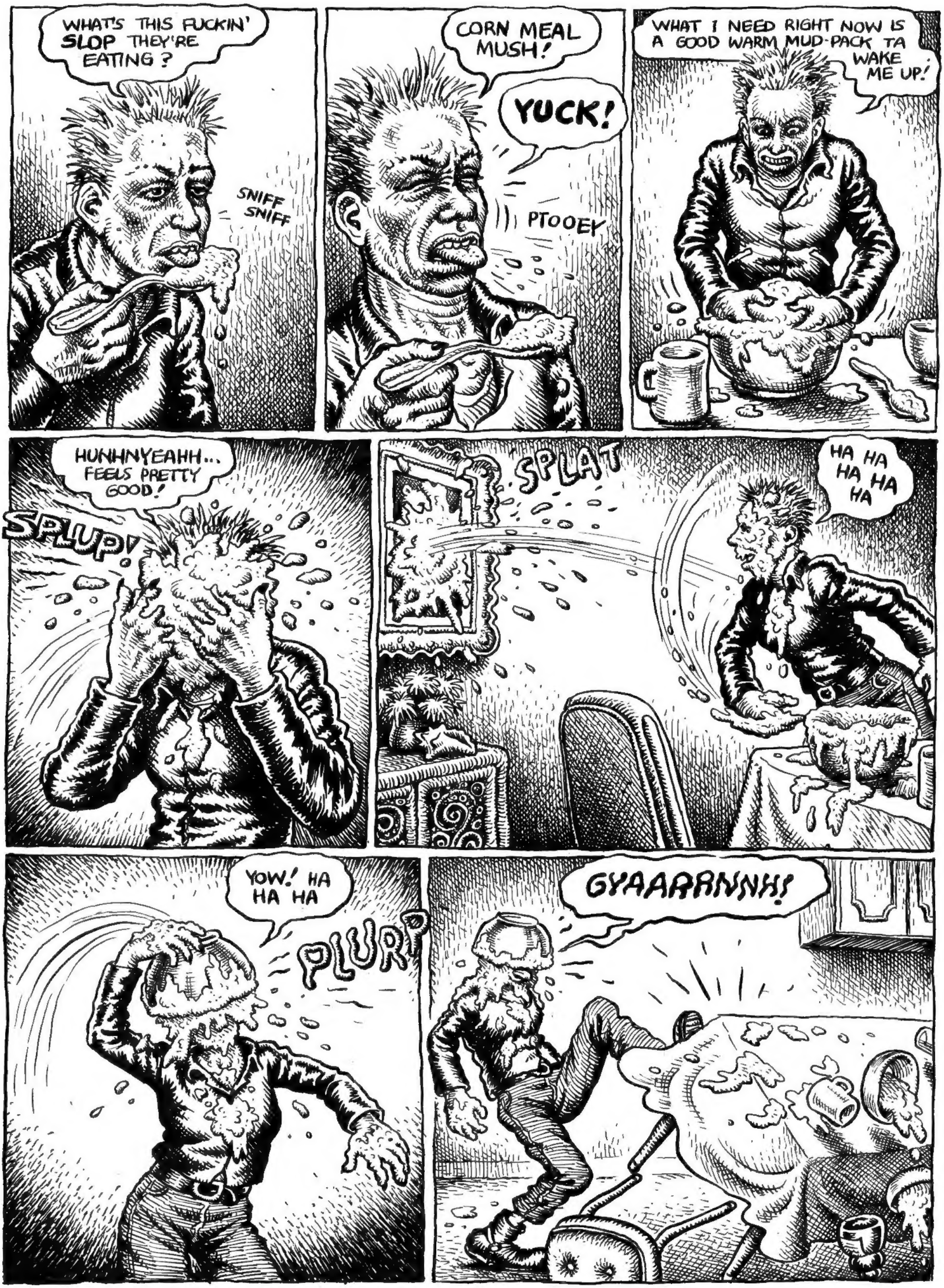
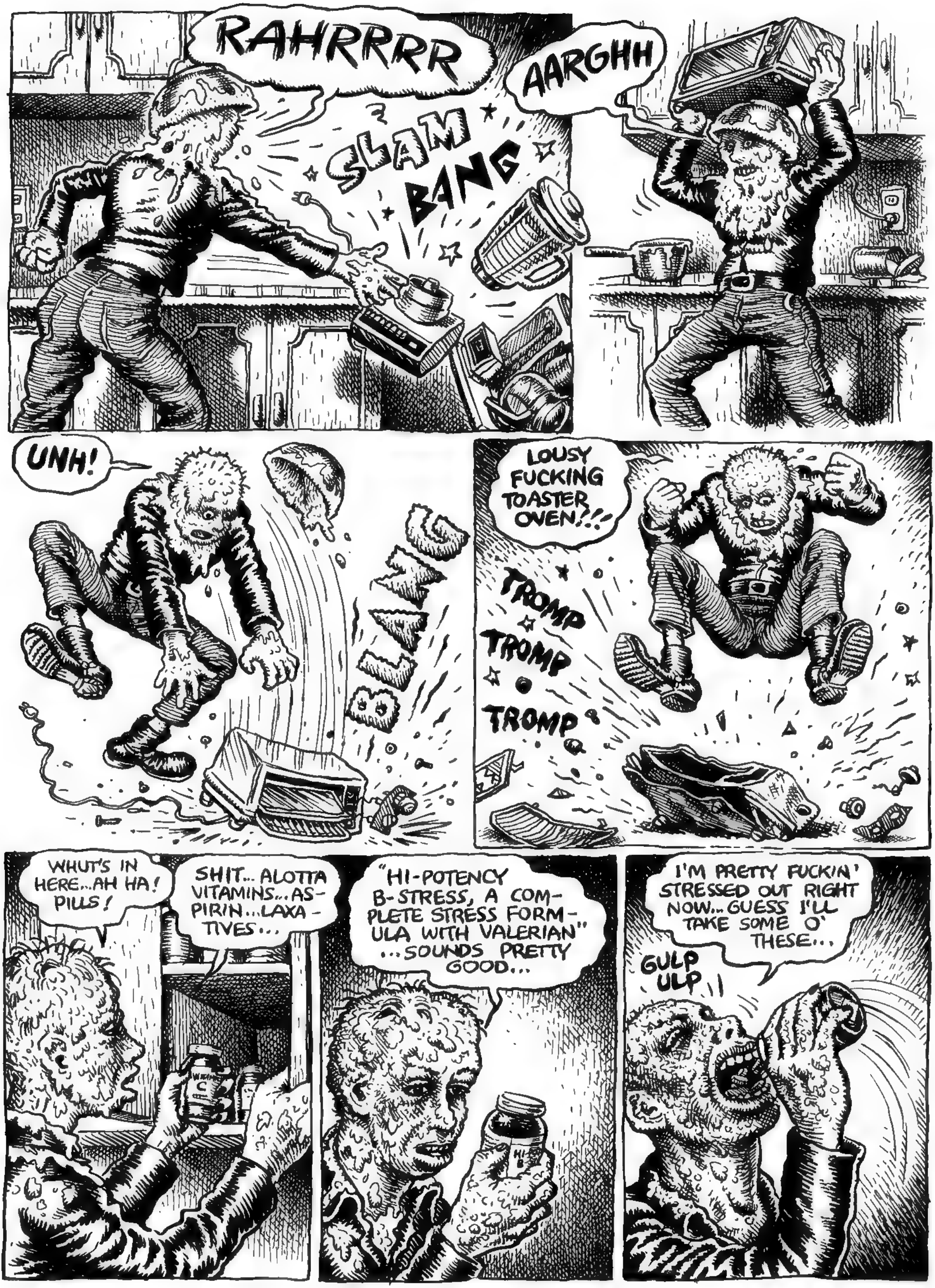
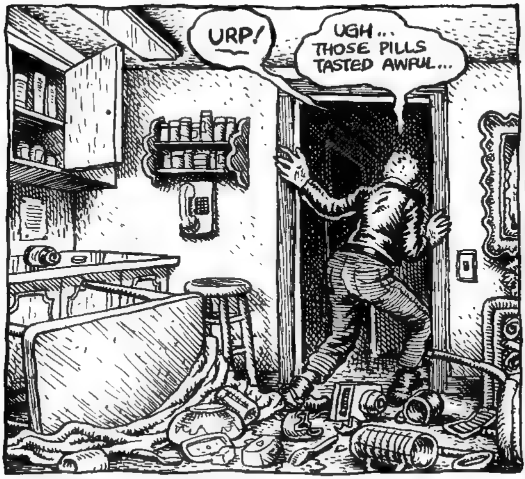

ONCE UPON A TIME THERE WERE THREE BEARS — A GREAT BIG DADDY BEAR, A MEDIUM-SIZE MOMMY BEAR, AND A WEE LITTLE BABY BEAR. THEY WERE A FUNDAMENTALLY DECENT FAMILY; HARD-WORKING, LAW-ABIDING, CHURCH MEMBERS. THESE WERE COUNTRY PEOPLE. THEY NEVER LOCKED THEIR DOOR. WHY SHOULD THEY? EVERYONE IN THE NEIGHBORHOOD KNEW EACH OTHER.
Coors
THAT MORNING STARTED OUT LIKE ANY OTHER... THERE WAS NO REASON FOR THE BEARS TO THINK THIS DAY WOULD BE DIFFERENT...
DID'JUH PUT UP THUH COFFEE, MOTHER?
YES, I DID... HOW DOES PORRIDGE SOUND FOR BREAKFAST TODAY, HON'? HOW 'BOUT YOU, BABY BEAR?
YUMMY YUMMY! I WANT PORRIDGE! I WANT PORRIDGE!
MMM! THAT SHORE SMALS GOOD, MISSES!
HERE'S A GREAT BIG BOWLFUL FOR DAD.... A MEDIUM-SIZE BOWL FOR MOM...
MRS. BUTTERBUT OLD FASHIONED SYRUP
...AND A WEE LITTLE BOWL FOR BABY BEAR!
HEH HEH
OBOY! MY FAVORITE!

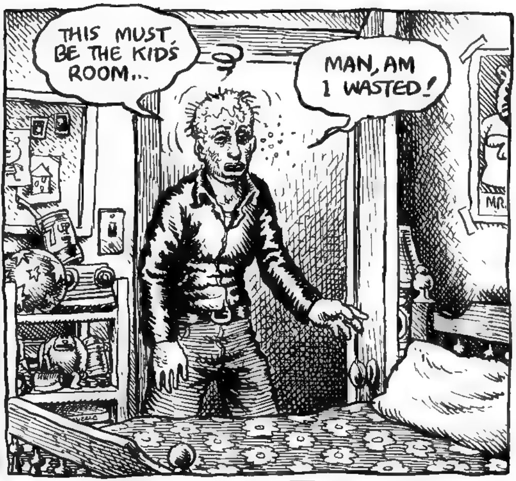

UH OH! LOOKY HERE! WE'RE ALMOST OUTA MILK, HON'! I FERGOT TA GIT SOME YESTERDAY!
AW SHOOT! WELL, HELL, LET'S ALL JUMP IN THUH PICK-UP AN' MAKE A RUN TO TH' "SHORT STOP"... I GOTTA GET BEER FOR THUH BALL-GAME LATER, TOO!
B-B-BUT~
MILK
EASY THERE, GUY... THAT PORRIDGE'LL BE JES' COOL ENOUGH TUH EAT BY THUH TIME WE GIT BACK, SO GIT A MOVE ON!
OKAY OKAY!
DO YOU HAVE MONEY, DARLIN'? SO I DON'T HAVE TO BRING MY PURSE?
YEH, I DO..
AND SO THE THREE BEARS WENT OFF WHILE THEIR PORRIDGE WAS COOLING, BELIEVING THAT EVERYTHING WOULD BE THE SAME WHEN THEY GOT BACK.
VROOOO..
WHAT THE BEAR FAMILY DIDN'T KNOW WAS THAT A GIRL NAMED GOLDILOCKS —— HEY!! WHERE ARE THOSE BEAUTIFUL GOLDEN LOCKS??
I CUT 'EM OFF... FUCK IT!
GOLDILOCKS WAS JUST THAT MORNING CRUISING THE BEARS NEIGHBORHOOD ON HER BIKE, BLITZED OUT OF HER MIND ON A COMBINATION OF LOW-GRADE PILLS.
I'M SO FUCKED UP I CAN HARDLY KEEP THIS THING UPRIGHT!
BRAPPP
PUTT PUTT PUTT
SCREEEEEE
SHE WAS A BRIGHT KID, BUT WITH SOME DEFINITE PROBLEMS. HAVING BEEN BROUGHT UP WITH ALL THE "ADVANTAGES," SHE WAS "BORED." THE WORLD TO HER WAS ONE BIG JUNKYARD TO BE— WOOPS! LOOK OUT!!!
OH WOW! I'M HEADING RIGHT FOR THAT "DOUBLE-WIDE" AND I CAN'T SEEM TO—
252
Bear Fam
OH SHIT!
SKRONCH!
KA-SLAM
FADOOM!

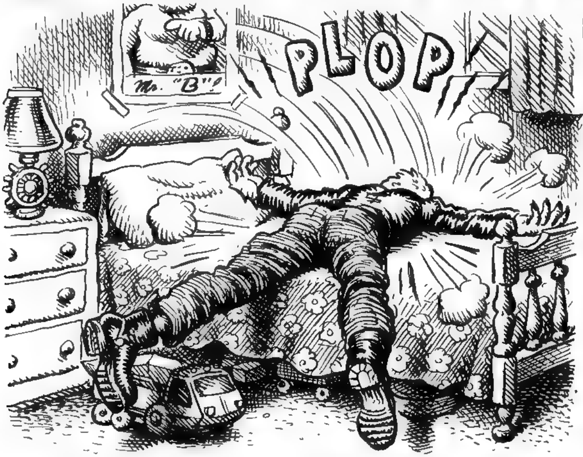

EEEYAHH
CRASH
THUD!
NEW RECIPES
WHOOO!! THAT WUZ QUITE A SPILL! GODDAMN FUCKIN' BIKE!
OOH! MY HEAD DOESN'T FEEL TOO GOOD AN' MY NOSE IS BLEEDING, BUT I DON'T THINK ANYTHING IS BUSTED...
MAN, THIS PLACE IS A FUCKIN' MESS! HEY! ANY-BODY HOME??
THAT MUST BE THE PEOPLE WHO LIVE HERE... FUCKIN' BUNCH OF DOPEY LOOKIN' MORONS...
—AND WHAT TH' HELLZIS?? HEY, TIME F' BREAKFIST! YUMMY YUMMY!
...AN' ME "HUNGRY AS A BEAR" AFTER BOOGYIN' AN' GETTIN' FUCKED UP ALL NIGHT!


WHAT'S THIS FUCKIN' SLOP THEY'RE EATING ?
SNIFF SNIFF
CORN MEAL MUSH!
YUCK!
PTOOEY
WHAT I NEED RIGHT NOW IS A GOOD WARM MUD-PACK TA WAKE ME UP!
HUNHNYEAHH... FEELS PRETTY GOOD!
SPLUP!
SPLAT
HA HA HA HA HA
YOW! HA HA HA
PLURP
GYAARRNNH!

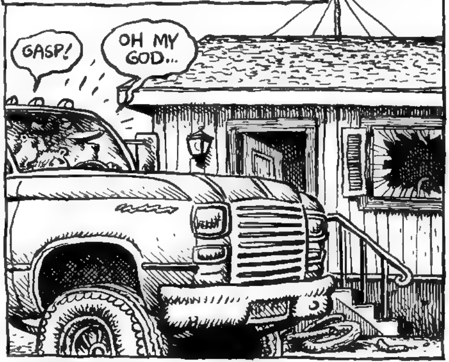

RAHRRRR
SLAM
BANG
AARGHH
UNH!
BLANG
LOUSY FUCKING TOASTER OVEN!?!
TROMP
TROMP
TROMP
WHUT'S IN HERE...AH HA! PILLS!
SHIT... ALOTTA VITAMINS... ASPIRIN... LAXATIVES...
"HI-POTENCY B-STRESS, A COMPLETE STRESS FORMULA WITH VALERIAN" ...SOUNDS PRETTY GOOD...
I'M PRETTY FUCKIN' STRESSED OUT RIGHT NOW... GUESS I'LL TAKE SOME O' THESE...
GULP
ULP


URP!
UGH... THOSE PILLS TASTED AWFUL...

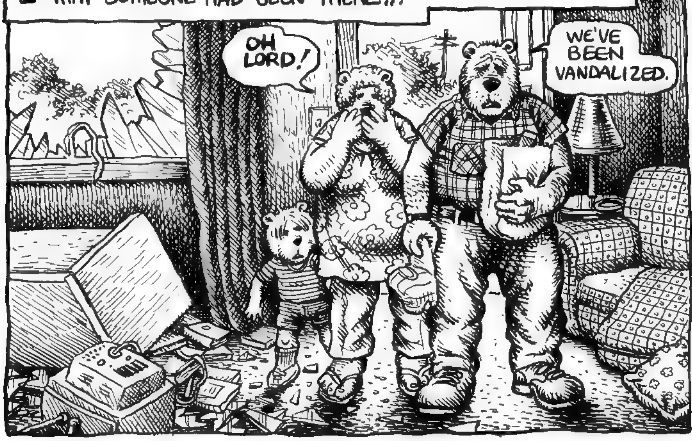

THIS MUST BE THE KID'S ROOM...
MAN, AM I WASTED!
MR.



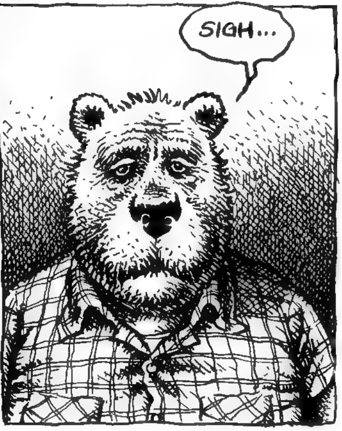
THEN HOME FROM THEIR MILK AND BEER RUN CAME THE THREE BEARS—THE GREAT BIG BEAR, THE MIDDLE-SIZED BEAR, AND THE WEE LITTLE BABY BEAR.

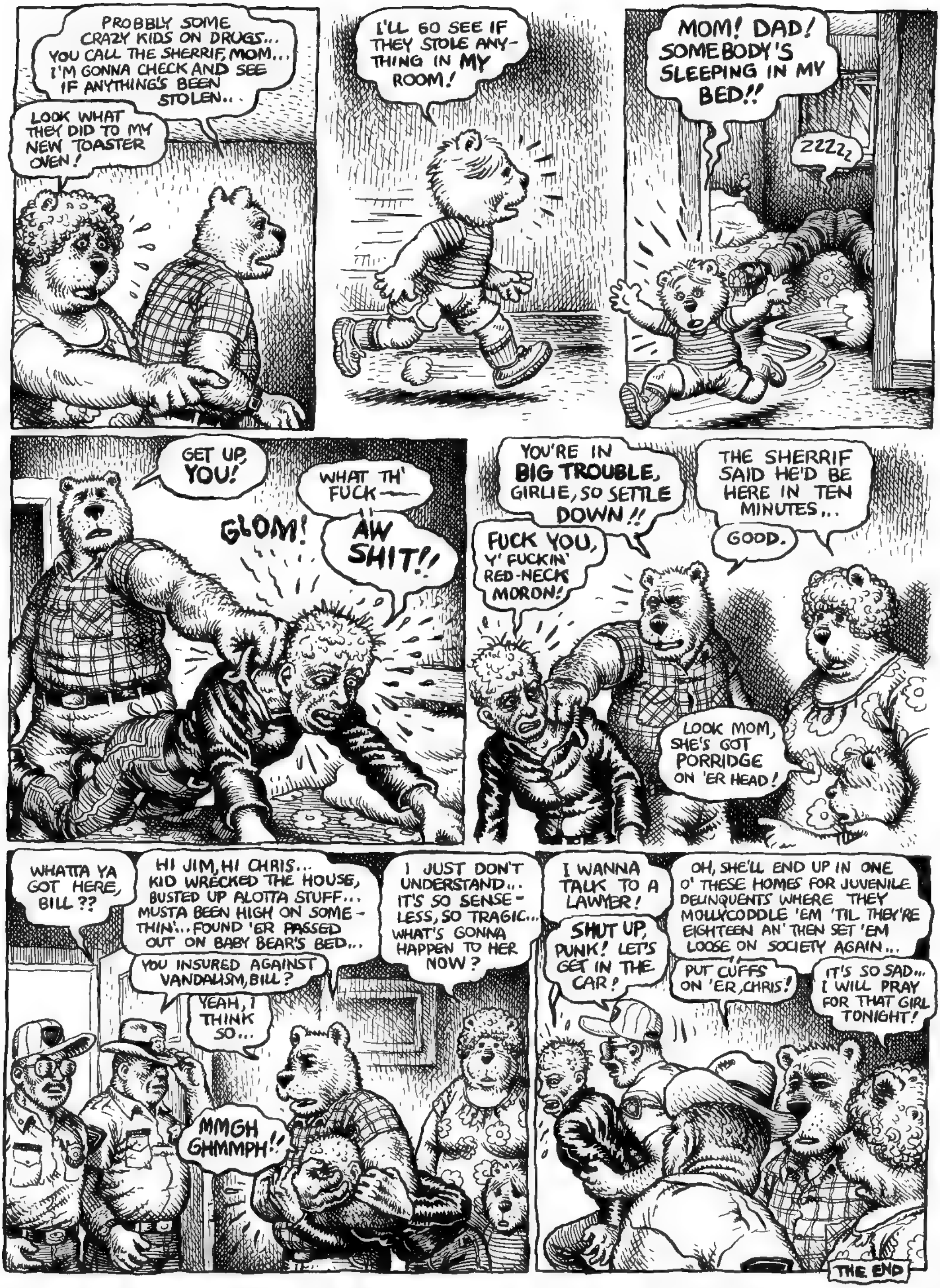

GASP!
OH MY GOD...

THE MOMENT THEY STEPPED INTO THE HOUSE THEY SAW THAT SOMEONE HAD BEEN THERE...


OH LORD!
WE'VE BEEN VANDALIZED.

MR. BEAR WAS VERY SAD....




PROBBLY SOME CRAZY KIDS ON DRUGS... YOU CALL THE SHERRIF, MOM... I'M GONNA CHECK AND SEE IF ANYTHING'S BEEN STOLEN..
LOOK WHAT THEY DID TO MY NEW TOASTER OVEN!
I'LL GO SEE IF THEY STOLE ANYTHING IN MY ROOM!
MOM! DAD! SOMEBODY'S SLEEPING IN MY BED!!
ZZZZZ
GET UP, YOU!
WHAT TH' FUCK—
GLOM!
AW SHIT!!
YOU'RE IN BIG TROUBLE, GIRLIE, SO SETTLE DOWN!!
FUCK YOU, Y' FUCKIN' RED-NECK MORON!
THE SHERRIF SAID HE'D BE HERE IN TEN MINUTES...
GOOD.
LOOK MOM, SHE'S GOT PORRIDGE ON 'ER HEAD!
WHATTA YA GOT HERE, BILL??
HI JIM, HI CHRIS... KID WRECKED THE HOUSE, BUSTED UP ALOTTA STUFF... MUSTA BEEN HIGH ON SOMETHIN'... FOUND 'ER PASSED OUT ON BABY BEAR'S BED...
YOU INSURED AGAINST VANDALISM, BILL?
YEAH, I THINK SO...
MMGH GHMMPH!!
I JUST DON'T UNDERSTAND... IT'S SO SENSELESS, SO TRAGIC... WHAT'S GONNA HAPPEN TO HER NOW?
I WANNA TALK TO A LAWYER!
SHUT UP, PUNK! LET'S GET IN THE CAR!
OH, SHE'LL END UP IN ONE O' THESE HOMES FOR JUVENILE DELINQUENTS WHERE THEY MOLLYCODDLE 'EM 'TIL THEY'RE EIGHTEEN AN' THEN SET 'EM LOOSE ON SOCIETY AGAIN...
PUT CUFFS ON 'ER, CHRIS!
IT'S SO SAD... I WILL PRAY FOR THAT GIRL TONIGHT!
THE END

Fervid Torpor

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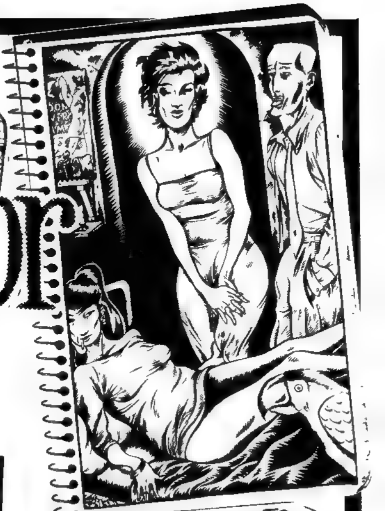
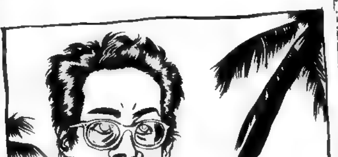
SOUTHEAST ASIA



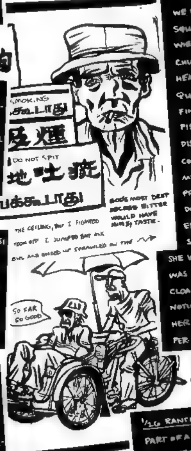


FEATURED HERE ARE EXCERPTS FROM THE NOTEBOOKS THAT BRUCE CARLETON KEPT DURING HIS 6-MONTHS OF TRAVELING THROUGH SOUTHEAST ASIA, A LAND THAT HE DESCRIBES AS "TORRID, SEETHING, SWELTERING, FEVERISH, SULTRY, SIMMERING, LANGUID, LISTLESS, PHLEGMATIC, AND MYSTERIOUS."

MR. CARLETON INTENDS TO RETURN TO THE REGION AGAIN SOON, POSSIBLY FOR GOOD.

11/25 HONG KONG – 10,000 MILES FOR A CORN DOG AND A MARLBORO COMMERCIAL.

12/26 TAWAU, SABAH – CHRISTMAS ON THE BUS. ROOSTER ON MY FOOT. ITS OK, I DON'T LIKE CHRISTMAS ANYWAY. LEARNING THE LANGUAGE: "SUNTI" MEANS EITHER "KNOBS ON GINGER ROOT" OR "SMALL BREASTS". THEREFORE "ANAK DARA SUNTI" (YOUNG GIRL) LITERALLY MEANS "SMALL-BREASTED VIRGIN CHILD".

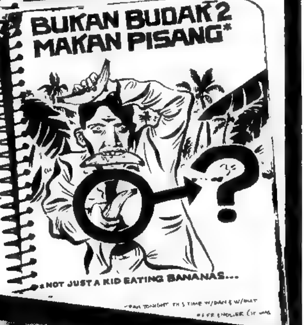


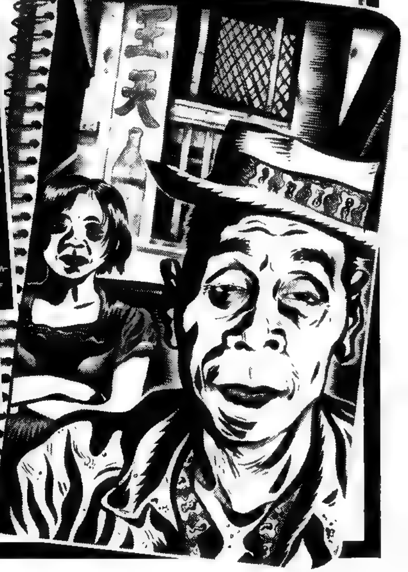
1/3 MAKASSAR STRAIT BETWEEN BORNEO & SULAWESI ON THE BOAT. A WOMAN NAMED MARY IS FLIRTING WITH ME. I THINK SHE WANTS TO SLEEP WITH ME. SHE SAID EITHER "YOU WANT TO BE MY HUSBAND?" OR "YOU WANT TO MEET MY HUSBAND?" ITS AN IMPORTANT DISTINCTION. SHE'S SEXY, WITH A DEEP, STRONG VOICE (NO, SHE'S NOT A BOY).

1/5 – YES SHE IS. AFTER 8 YEARS IN NYC I OUGHTA KNOW BETTER. BUT EVERYONE TREATS HER (HIM) LIKE A WOMAN. LUCKILY I DIDN'T FIND OUT "FIRST-HAND." HARUN INFORMED ME SHE'S A "BANCIE". TODAY SHE WAS DECKED OUT IN HER FINEST DRESS & MAKE-UP... FOR ME NO DOUBT. I'M SURE SHE NOTICED MY SUDDEN CHANGE OF ATTITUDE.

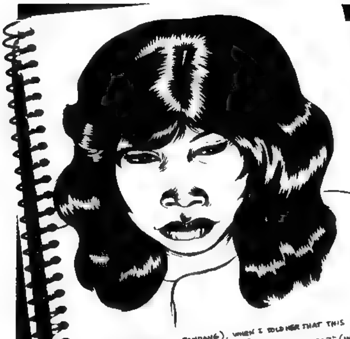
1/20 UJUNG PANDANG – PEOPLE HERE ARE VERY UNABASHED ABOUT PICKING THEIR NOSES. ITS STRANGE TO TRY AND HOLD A CONVERSATION WITH A CUTE GIRL WHO'S IN THE PROCESS OF THOUROUGLY EXPLORING HER NOSE WITH HER FINGER. THEY ALSO BURP ANYTIME, ANYWHERE, BUT I'M USED TO THAT. NOT IN OLD LADIES, THOUGH.

1/24 PARE-PARE, SULAWESI – AT THE HOTEL SISWA. CHEAP: 4000 Rp. (~$4.00) FOR ARSYAD & ME. HE TOLD ME THERE WAS A "KUPU-KUPU MALAM" (NIGHT BUTTERFLY, i.e. WHORE) AVAILABLE... "MAU?" (YOU WANT?). YEAH, MAU. HE WENT OUT, CAME BACK. "NO GOOD. WANTS 10,000. TUA (OLD)." OH WELL. BUT LATER A VERY SOFT KNOCK. I GUESS SHE RECONSIDERED. ANYWAY SHE CAME RIGHT TO MY BED AND SAT DOWN. AS SOON AS SHE STARTED TWIDDLING MY NIPPLE I KNEW I WAS A GONER. NOT BAD LOOKING. A LITTLE OLD MAYBE, BUT IT WAS DARK & HARD TO TELL (JUST AS WELL). AT LEAST SHE WAS ENTHUSIATIC (UNLIKE THE COLD FISH IN UJUNG PANDANG!). SHE SETTLED FOR 5000. ALL VERY HUSH-HUSH, LIKE SHE EXPECTED THE HOUSE DICK TO BUST IN AT ANY MOMENT. BUT I CAN IMAGINE THE SISWA HAVING A HOUSE DICK. MAYBE IT WOULD BE THE LOCAL POLISI AFTER HIS CUT. I S'POSE SHE KNOWS WHAT SHE'S DOING. SO, WE PUT THE MATTRESS ON THE FLOOR (AVOID SQUEAKS) AND GOT DOWN TO IT. IT WAS A LITTLE WIERD SCREWING WITH ARSYAD IN THE NEXT BED CHUCKLING & MAKING COMMENTS, BUT I WAS IN HEAT SO NO MATTER. I "GOT IT OVER WITH" FAIRLY QUICKLY, WHICH YOU WOULD THINK WOULD BE FINE BY HER, BUT WHEN I PULLED OUT SHE ACTED PISSED-OFF. AT FIRST I THOUGHT MAYBE IT WAS DISGUST WITH THE ACT; NOW THAT IT WAS OVER SHE COULD SHOW IT, BUT THAT WASN'T IT (SHE GAVE ME A PASSIONATE GOODBYE & KISS ON HER WAY OUT PROVING (?) SHE LIKED SEX). FUCK, I DUNNO. IT DOESN'T SEEM LIKELY THAT IT WAS WHAT IT SEEMED; NAMELY, DISAPPOINTMENT AT BEING CUT OFF SHORT OF CLIMAX. I MEAN, SHE ACTED LIKE SHE WAS INTO IT, BUT AN ACT IS AN ACT. MAYBE THIS WAS PART OF IT. SIAPA TAHU (WHO KNOWS?) MORE CLOAK & DAGGER FOR HER EXIT. THIS MORNING I NOTICED BLOOD STAINS ON THE SHEET. SHE WAS ON HER PERIOD. HEY, I SHOULD HAVE GOTTEN A TEN PERCENT DISCOUNT FOR THAT!


BUKAN BUDAK2 MAKAN PISANG*
*NOT JUST A KID EATING BANANAS...
TONIGHT TH S TIME W/DAN & W/OUT
FRIENDLIER (IT WAS



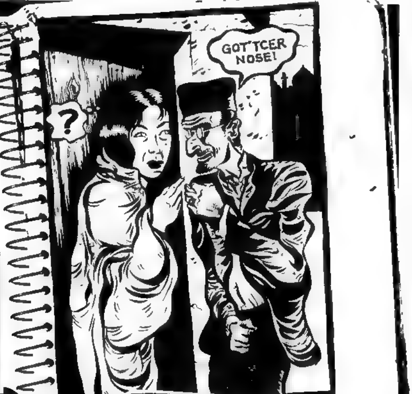
1/26 RANTEPAO, SULAWESI – LAST NIGHT I HAD PART OF A BEER. THAT MAKES JUST 3 BEERS IN 3+ WEEKS HERE IN INDONESIA. INCREDIBLE!



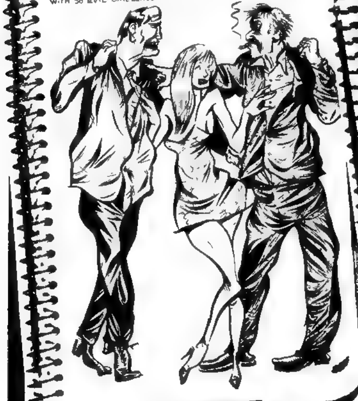
MARTINI (1/17/84 - UJUNG PANDANG). WHEN I TOLD HER THAT THIS PICTURE WASN'T AS PRETTY AS SHE WAS, (TRUE) SHE SAID "KENAPA?" (WHY?) THAT'S A GOOD QUESTION KIND OF A HARD ONE TO ANSWER TOO ESPECIALLY IF YOU DON'T SPEAK THE LANGUAGE.

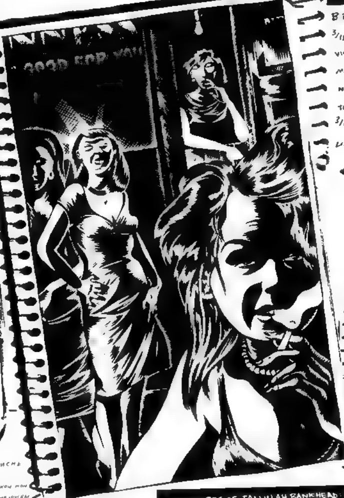
2/5 UJUNG PANDANG - HAJAR KEEPS WALKING BACK & FORTH IN FRONT OF THE LIGHT IN HER THIN NIGHT-FROCK, WHICH SHE MIGHT AS WELL NOT HAVE ON WHEN SHE DOES THIS. I DON'T THINK SHE'S CONCIOUS OF THE EFFECT, BUT SHE SOON WILL BE IF I'M NOT CAREFUL - IT'S NOT EASY TO HIDE A BONER WHEN YOU'RE WEARING A SARONG. THE IRONY IS THIS: HER HUSBAND IGNORES HER BUT HE CAN'T KEEP HIS HANDS OFF ME. I GIVE HIM A LITTLE MORE SLACK SINCE CUSTOMS HERE ARE DIFFERENT, BUT I'M ABOUT READY TO SMACK HIM. AND WHAT'S EVEN WORSE IS HAJAR SEEMS TO HAVE THE HOTS FOR ME TOO. NOTHING WILL COME OF IT. FUCKING MUSLIMS. THEY'RE NUTS.

2/17 TUAL, MALUKU - GOOD WARNER BROS. CARTOONS ON TV, WITH AN INTERESTING TWIST: BEFORE THE THING COMES ON THIS VERY ERUDITE LADY GIVES A PLOT SYNOPSIS IN INDONESIAN (THEY DON'T DUB THE AMERICAN PROGRAMS THEY SHOW). SO THE EFFECT IS LIKE A SCHOOL TEACHER TELLING WHAT PORKY WILL DO TO DAFFY WHEN HE FINDS HIM SLEEPING ON THE PARK BENCH.



"IT'S A SNAKE IN THE GRASS WHO WOULD BITE A MAN IN THE BACK WITH SO EVIL-SMELLING A RETORT!"





8P
3/11 TOO
VISITE
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NICE
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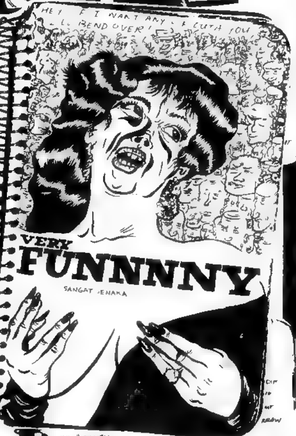

HEY F I WANT ANY
L. BEND OVER! F CUTH YOU
VERY
FUNNNNY
SANGAT JENAKA

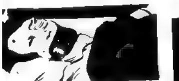
CIF
TO
HF
RROW

NIGHT" OH WELL
3/18 I WAS SUPPOSED TO GO TO A VILLAGE CALLED SONDER TODAY WITH

TEMENT TO DEBAUCHE

KAN PUT NGAH H U NOW MON
A DOG NEVER BITES MASTER GOOD HUSBAN

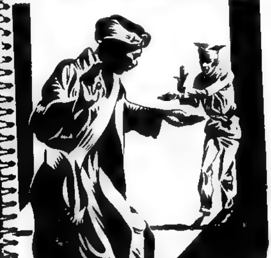
2/19 DOBO, MALUKU - TOOK A BOAT TO A REMOTE SHRIMP COMPANY FACTORY. IT WAS A SMALL JOBBER; I WAS UP ON THE ROOF DRINKING "SOPI" (PRONOUNCED "SOAPY", AND FOR GOOD REASON), A RICE BRANDY, WHEN A STORM HIT US. THE OTHER GUYS WENT BELOW BUT I RODE IT OUT ON TOP HANGING ON TO THE ANTENNA. IT WAS FUN, LIKE A CARNIVAL RIDE. SAW A SHARK - MAYBE 7 OR 50 FEET LONG. HELD ON TO THAT ANTENNA REAL TIGHT!

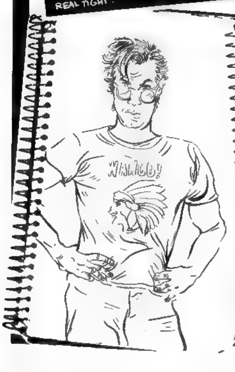


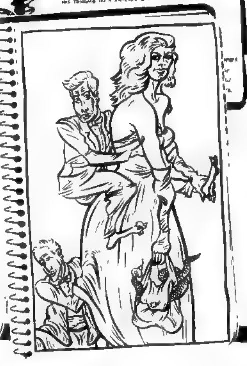
CAPTURED NORTH KOREAN INFILTRATOR WEARS A "CONTROL MASK" TO KEEP HIM FROM BITING OFF HIS TONGUE IN A SUICIDE B.D. (NEWS CLIPPING)

LAST WORDS OF TALLULAH BANKHEAD: "BOURBON"

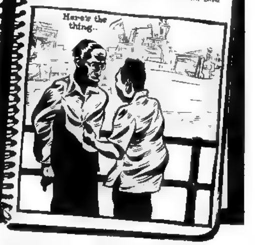
2/22 DOBO, MALUKU - ATE DOG LAST NIGHT. NOT BAD. SPICY. RIGHT NOW I'M WATCHING ONE OF FRANGKY'S BRATS PISS ON THE FLOOR OF HIS HUT. THEY JUST IGNORE IT, EXCEPT TO OBSERVE "OH, HE'S PISSING... TSK, TSK." NOW JIM REEVES (FRANGKY'S OTHER BRAT - NAMED AFTER THE COUNTRY SINGER) IS BAWLING HIS HEAD OFF. I'M ABOUT TO EXPLODE. DO AMERICAN KIDS OF 1½-2 SHIT & PISS TOTALLY INDESCRIMINANTLY? I GUESS TOILET-TRAINING IS COMPLICATED BY THE FACT THAT THE "TOILET" IS A RAMSHACKLE HUT (NO ROOF, HOLES IN THE WALLS A BAT COULD FLY THRU UNSCATHED - NOT TO PRIVATE WHEN BATHING) POISED OVER A STINKING BLACK SEWER, WITH FLOOR-BOARDS THAT ARE LITERALLY ROTTING AWAY (I STEPPED THROUGH ONE BUT CAUGHT MYSELF BEFORE TAKING A SEWER-BATH) WITH SPACES BETWEEN THE EASILY BIG ENOUGH FOR A SMALL KID TO FALL INTO. NEVERTHELESS, WHEN I SEE ONE OF THESE YOUNGSTERS STANDING THERE IN THE MIDDLE OF THE LIVING ROOM WITH PISS RUNNING DOWN HIS LEG GATHERING IN A PUDDLE I FEEL LIKE YELLING "JESUS CHRIST PEOPLE, YOUR KID JUST FUCKIN PISSED ON THE FLOOR! DOESN'T THAT BOTHER YOU JUST A LITTLE?"

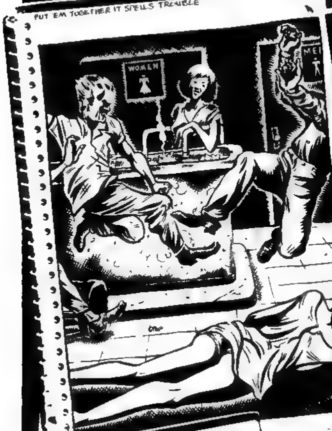






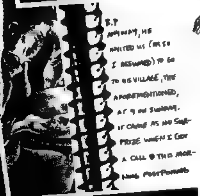
HER CLOTHES ON
LOST IN MY NEARLY OBSESSION OF LUST, ON THE
WAY TO THE MOVIE I SPOTTED THIS GIRL IN A VERY SHORT DRESS

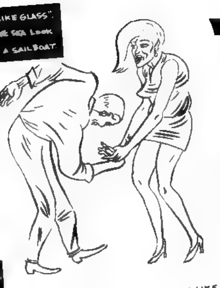

Here's the thing..


PUT 'EM TOGETHER IT SPELLS TROUBLE
WOMEN
MEN

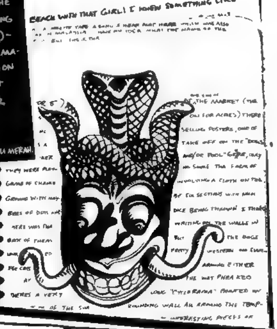
2/23 DOBO - I WAS JUST LYING HERE READING WITH MY FOOT PROPPED AGAINST THE WALL. THE BACK OF MY MIND SAID "SOMETHING IS GOING TO COME OUT OF THE CRACKS THERE & BITE YOUR FOOT." THAT'S SILLY, I SAID. BUT SUBCONCIOUSLY I MOVED IT ANYWAY. THEN I LOOKED WHERE IT WAS AND DID A DOUBLE-TAKE. THE BIGGEST SPIDER I'VE EVER SEEN WAS (& STILL IS) SITTING THERE ONLY A FRACTION OF A INCH FROM WHERE MY FOOT WAS. I'M AMAZED HE DIDN'T ATTACK OR RUN CONSIDERING THAT I WAS FIDDLING WITH MY TOES RIGHT IN FRONT OF HIS FACE. HE'S A GOOD 5" WIDE. LOOKS JUST LIKE THE SPIDER IN THE ILLO OF "THE GIRL WHO TROD ON A LOAF" FROM GRIMM'S FAIRY TALES. THAT PICTURE USE TO SCARE THE SHIT OUT OF ME - BUT NEVERTHELESS I WOULD LOOK AT IT CONSTANTLY.

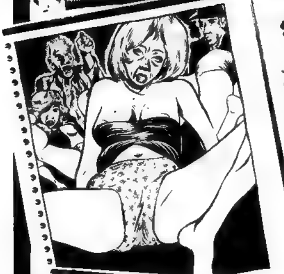
3/1 BTWN. TUAL & BANDA - SEA IS CALM. "LIKE GLASS". I WAS WONDERING IF I'D GET TO SEE THE SEA LOOK "LIKE GLASS" GOOD THING THIS ISN'T A SAILBOAT.

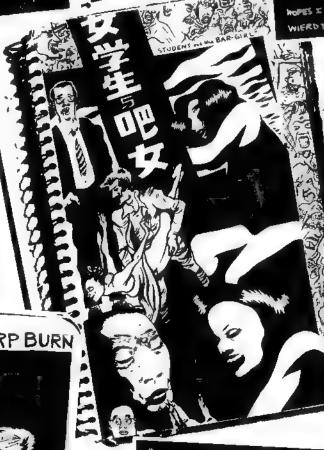

B.P
ANYWAY, HE INVITED US (OR SO I ASSUMED) TO GO TO HIS VILLAGE, THE AFOREMENTIONED, AT 9 ON SUNDAY. IT CAME AS NO SURPRIZE WHEN I GOT A CALL @ THIS MORNING POSTPONING

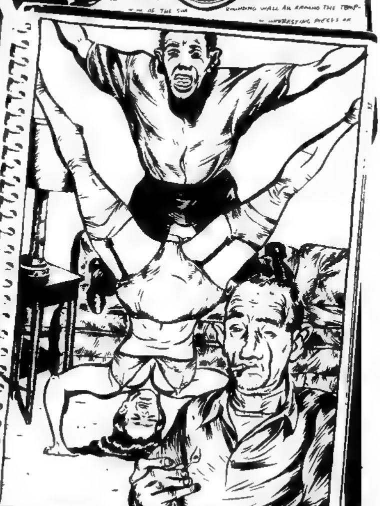

BEACH WITH THAT GIRL! I KNEW SOMETHING LIKE

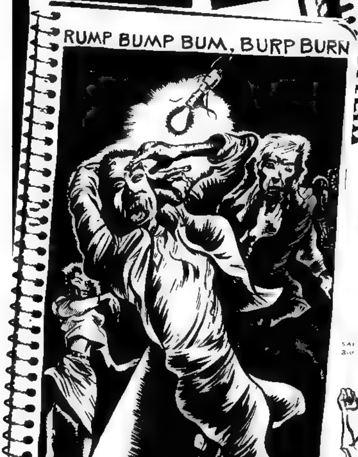
3/7 AMBON, MALUKU - WENT BACK TO BATU MERAH, THE WIERD RED-LIGHT DISTRICT PERCHED ON THE SIDE OF THE HILL. IT'S A GREAT PLACE TO HANG OUT & CHAT OR FEEL UP THE GIRLS (3000 RSO) - THEY CAN'T GET ENOUGH OF KISSING YOU MALUKU STYLE (PINCH) AND ESPECIALLY PULLING ON YOUR NOSE (THE LONE LONG ONES). I WENT WITH ANA AGAIN, 5000 Rp. THERE'S CUTER ONES BUT ANA'S NICE. SHE TOLD ME SHE HOPES I GIVE HER A WHITE BABY. WHAT A WIERD THOUGHT: MY HEIR GROWING UP IN BATU MERAH.


THEY WERE PLAYING GAME OF CHANCE
GROWING WITH MANY BEES OF DON AND
HERE WAS THE BACK OF THEM
THERE'S A VERY
AT THE MARKET (THE ONE FOR ACRES) THERE SELLING POSTERS, ONE OF TAKE OFF ON THE "DEER AND/OR FOOL" GAME, ONLY
INVOLVING A CLOTH ON THE
DICE BEING THROWN I THINK
WRITING ON THE WALLS IN
WESTERN
THE WAT PHRA KEO
"CYCLORAMA" PAINTED ON
ROUNDING WALL ALL AROUND THE TEMP-
INTERESTING PIECES OF




女学生与吧女
STUDENT and the BAR-GIRL



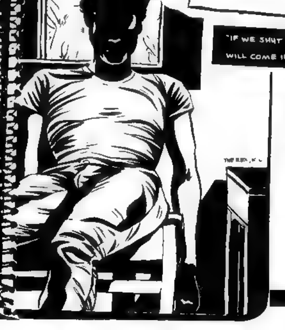

RUMP BUMP BUM, BURP BURN

"BOSAN HIDUP/TAKUT MATI" - TIRED OF LIVING, SCARED OF DYING (GRAFITTI ON DOBO)

3/16 MANADO, N. SULAWESI - JUST HAD A SHAVE IN A BARBER SHOP. FIRST TIME. IT WAS A LITTLE DISAPPOINTING: NO HOT TOWELS ON THE FACE, NO HOT LATHER. RAZOR WASN'T VERY SHARP. SHARP ENOUGH TO CUT A THROAT, THOUGH, WHICH IS HARD TO FORGET WHEN SOME STRANGER HAS IT POISED @ YOUR CAROTID.

"IF WE SHUT NATURE OUT AT THE DOOR, SHE WILL COME IN AT THE WINDOW" - SIR ROGER L'ESTRANGE

SAY THAT YOU'RE NOT FIT TO
BUT I SAY THAT YOU ARE



3/27 K.L. NOW IN THE 'REX' ON JL. TUANKU ETC. ITS A NICE PLACE & CHEAPER, TOO. BUT NO GIRLS HANGING AROUND LIKE AT THE 'MAN LIAN'. FOUND OUT THEY WERE 15 RINGGIT FOR "SHORT TIME". HOWEVER, ON BOY DID COME UP TO MY ROOM HERE - TOLD ME HE WAS A STUDENT WHO WANTED TO PRACTICE HIS ENGLISH. I HAVE A PRETTY FAIR IDEA WHAT KIND OF ORAL ACTIVITY HE HAD IN MIND. MAYBE A LITTLE "BONING UP" ON HIS AMERICAN?

"SEDAP DAHULU SAKIT KEMUDIAN" - PLEASURE FIRST, THEN COMES PAIN

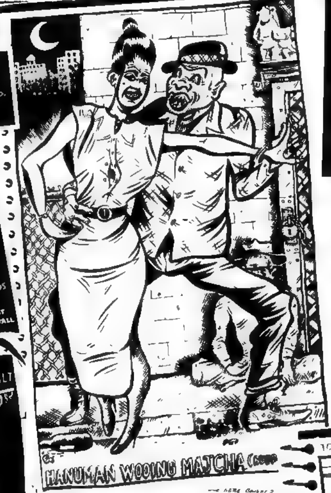
3/30 K.L. - I'M REALLY ATTRACTED TO THOSE MUSLIM WOMEN IN THEIR PRAYER-HEADRESSES; SOMETHING ABOUT THE SIMPLE CLEAN FABRIC SETS OFF THOSE ROUND BROWN MALAY FACES - ESPECIALLY IF THE CLOTH IS WHITE. IT'S LIKE NUNS, I GUESS, BUT NUNS NEVER DID ANYTHING FOR ME. MAYBE 'CAUSE MOST NUNS YOU SEE IN THE STATES AREN'T VERY PRETTY, WHEREAS SOME OF THESE LADIES ARE KNOCKOUTS. I FIND MY EYES ARE ALWAYS BEING DRAWN TO THEM. THAT'S FUNNY, TOO, BECAUSE THAT'S PRECISELY THE OPPOSITE EFFECT THE GARMENT IS S'POSE TO HAVE.

4/1 PENANG, MALAYSIA - ONE OF THE CHINAMEN THAT RUNS THIS HOTEL IS THE SPITTIN' IMAGE OF BUDDY HACKET. EVEN SOUNDS LIKE HIM, EXCEPT IN CHINESE.

4/3 PENANG - SOME KID HERE JUST BECAME THE FIRST TO GET A MOHAWK. GOT HIS PICTURE IN THE PAPER. THEIR BUILDING A SKY-SCRAPER TOO. TOO BAD.

4/4 KUALA LUMPUR - THEY HAVE KICKAPOO JOY JUICE HERE! HAVEN'T SEEN THAT FOR 15 YEARS!

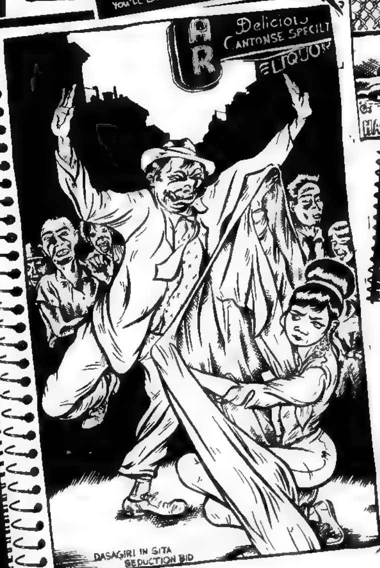
SATU PACAR ADALAH WAJAR
DUA PACAR KURANG AJAR
TIGA PACAR BISA DI AJAR
TANPA PACAR HIDUP TERLANTAR
TRANSLATION: "ONE GIRLFRIEND IS NATURAL/ TWO GIRL-FRIENDS IS ILL-BRED/3 GIRL FRIENDS ARE GONNA FIND OUT/NO GIRLFRIENDS AND YOU'LL LIVE ALOT LONGER". - POEM ON TABLE AT ROADSIDE FOODSTALL

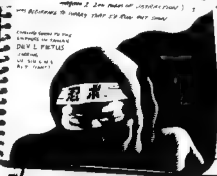


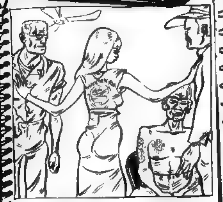
4/15 MANDALAY, BURMA - THIS IS WATER-FESTIVAL TIME. FOR 3 DAYS EVERYONE THROWS WATER ON EVERYONE ELSE. IT LIKE THERE'S A REVOLUTION IN THE STREETS, BUT WITH BUCKETS & BALOONS INSTEAD OF AK-47s. WHAT'S ESPECIALLY NICE IS THAT THE WOMEN DON'T SEEM TO WEAR MUCH IN THE WAY OF UNDERWEAR, SO WHEN THEIR SARONG GETS SOAKED ITS LIKE A WET-T-SHIRT-CONTEST. AND BURMESE WOMEN HAVE AMONG THE FINEST HIPS IN THE WORLD. STILL, I'LL BE HAPPY TO DRY OFF.

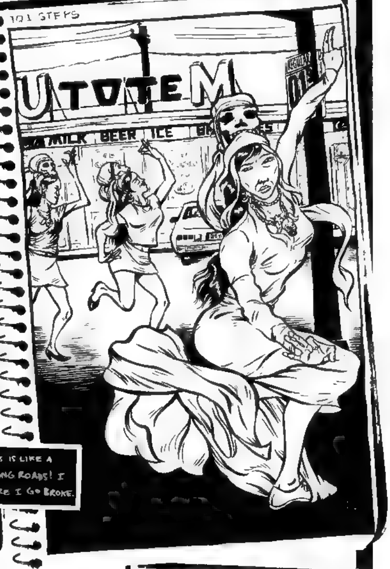
4/21 BANGKOK - PATPONG ROAD IS AMAZING. A WHOLE STREET DEDICATED TO SEX, BUT SOMEHOW ALMOST WHOLESOME. BARS FULL OF BEAUTIFUL WOMEN, ALL ENTHUSIASTICALLY AVAILABLE.

4/22 KOH SAMED, THAILAND - ON THE BUS TO PATTAYA. VIDEO BUS. IT'S GOT A HOME ENTERTAINMENT CENTER UP FRONT. ON THE TUBE IS A THAI-DUBBED VERSION OF "BORN INNOCENT" WITH LINDA BLAIR. ALL THE KIDS PEDDLING FOOD, ETC., THAT CAME ONTO THE BUS AT THE STATION SETTLED DOWN TO WATCH FOR AWHILE. THEN, JUST AS THE BROOMSTICK-RAPE SCENE COMES ON, THE DRIVER TAKES OFF. SOME OF 'EM WERE VERY RELUCTANT TO MISS OUT AND HAD TO DISMOUNT ON THE RUN.



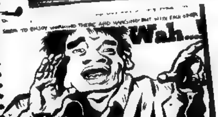

2 200 PAGES OF DISTRACTION)
WAS BEGINNING TO WORRY THAT I'D RUN OUT SOON
COMING SOON TO THE ... IN TAIWAN
DEVIL FETUS
STARRING
忍术





4/23 PATTAYA, THAILAND - SHIT! THIS IS LIKE A WHOLE TOWN'S worth of PATPONG ROADS! I GOTTA GET OUT OF HERE BEFORE I GO BROKE.

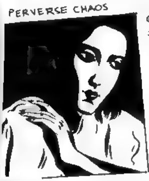
4/24 I'M JUST GONNA HAVE TO STAY IN MY ROOM. EVERY TIME I GO OUT I GET SNAIRED. I HAVE ALMOST NO WILL-POWER WHEN IT COMES TO BEAUTIFUL WOMEN.



4/27 - YOU WOULDN'T THINK IT WOULD BE THIS WAY, BUT THE SAME ~~PRINCIPAL~~ PRINCIPLE THAT LOOMED OVER THE 6TH GRADE PLAYGROUND INTERSEXUAL RELATIONSHIP EQUATION APPLIES TO THE BARS OF PATPONG (NOT TO MENTION THE WHOREHOUSES OF RANGOON, AMBON, ETC.). YOU GET A GIRL ON YOUR LAP WHO'S OK, BUT YOU HAVE YOUR EYE ON A MUCH NICER ONE, AND SHE HAS HER EYE ON YOU. BUT YOU CAN FORGET ABOUT IT, 'CAUSE OF THE PRIOR CLAIM.

DO NOT FEED THE ANIMALS THEY ARE DEAD.

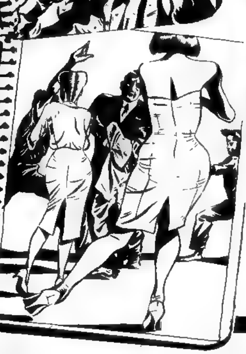
PERVERSE CHAOS



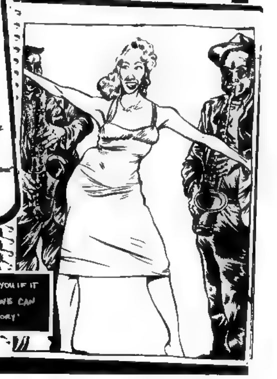
GOAT GIRL GUN
JUG JAM JEEP
MONKEY MILK MANGO
WATCH WELL WOLF
ZEBRA ZOO ZIP

RABBITS ARE BEAUTIFUL TO SEE

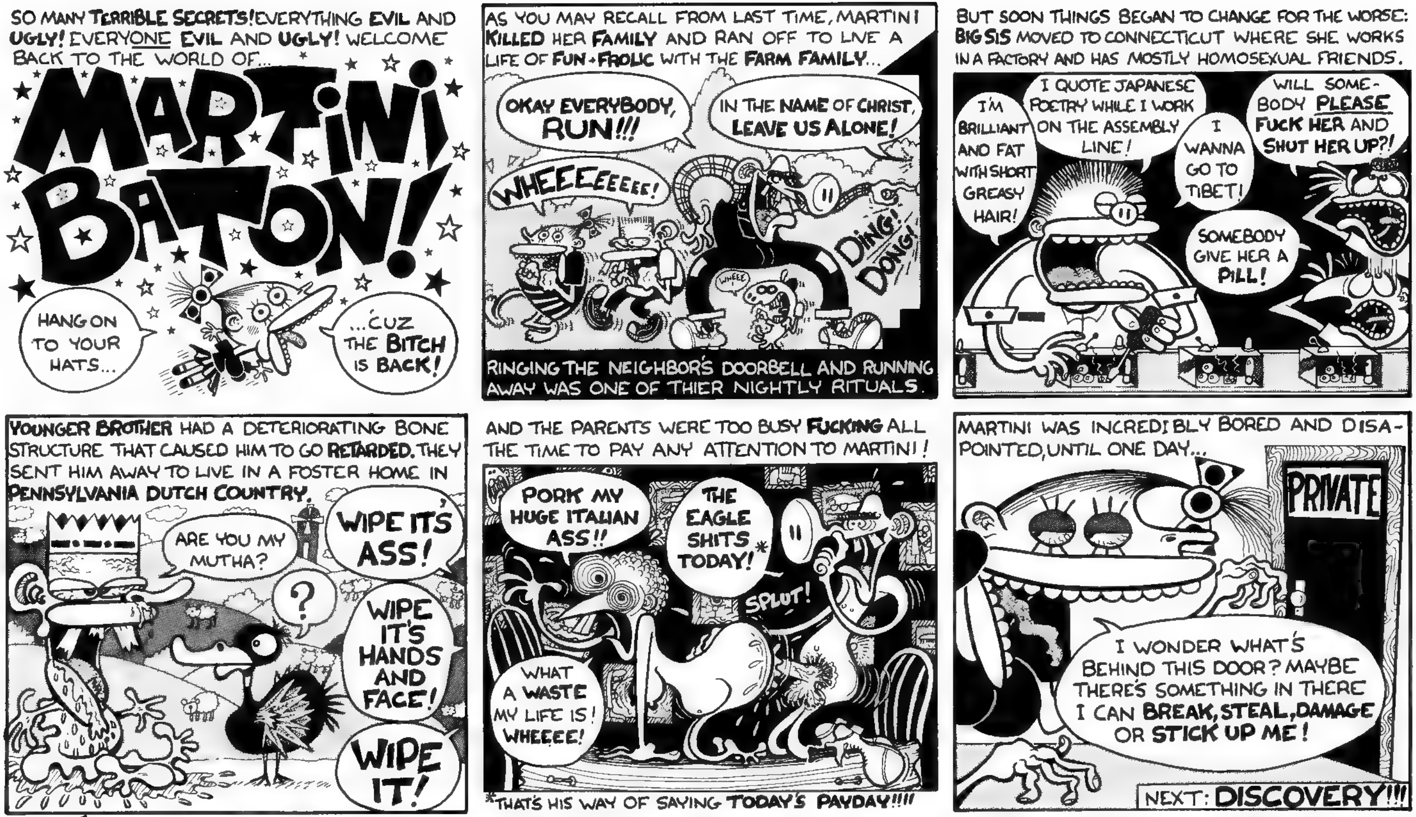
The above is written from "SRI RAM CHILDREN FIRST BOOK"

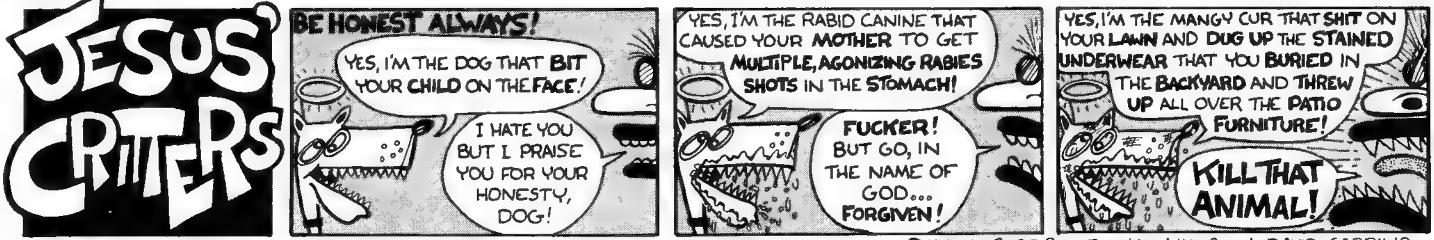


4/29 DAKKA, BANGLADESH - FIRST TIME I'VE EVER BEEN IN A URINAL WITH A VIEW LIKE THAT. THE WINDOW IS RIGHT WHERE YOU STAND, SO AS YOU PEE YOU LOOK OUT UPON CROWDS OF BENGALIS (NOT TWO FEET AWAY) LEAVING THE AIRPORT, AND, CONSEQUENTLY, THEY LOOK IN UPON YOU (YOUR FACE ANYWAY). IT'S STRANGE TO STAND THERE WITH YOUR PENIS IN YOUR HAND AND LOOK DIRECTLY INTO THE EYES OF AN ORTHODOX MUSLIM LADY IN HER VEIL.



THE WORLD IS A BAD DOG, IT WILL BITE YOU IF IT GETS THE CHANCE. BUT HERE I THINK WE CAN ESCAPE THE FATES. - JOSEPH CONRAD "VICTORY"


SO MANY TERRIBLE SECRETS! EVERYTHING EVIL AND UGLY! EVERYONE EVIL AND UGLY! WELCOME BACK TO THE WORLD OF...
MARTINI BATON!
HANG ON TO YOUR HATS...
...CUZ THE BITCH IS BACK!
AS YOU MAY RECALL FROM LAST TIME, MARTINI KILLED HER FAMILY AND RAN OFF TO LIVE A LIFE OF FUN + FROLIC WITH THE FARM FAMILY...
OKAY EVERYBODY, RUN!!!
IN THE NAME OF CHRIST, LEAVE US ALONE!
WHEEEEEEEE!
WHEEE
DING! DONG!
RINGING THE NEIGHBOR'S DOORBELL AND RUNNING AWAY WAS ONE OF THIER NIGHTLY RITUALS.
BUT SOON THINGS BEGAN TO CHANGE FOR THE WORSE: BIG SIS MOVED TO CONNECTICUT WHERE SHE WORKS IN A FACTORY AND HAS MOSTLY HOMOSEXUAL FRIENDS.
I'M BRILLIANT AND FAT WITH SHORT GREASY HAIR!
I QUOTE JAPANESE POETRY WHILE I WORK ON THE ASSEMBLY LINE!
I WANNA GO TO TIBET!
WILL SOMEBODY PLEASE FUCK HER AND SHUT HER UP?!
SOMEBODY GIVE HER A PILL!
YOUNGER BROTHER HAD A DETERIORATING BONE STRUCTURE THAT CAUSED HIM TO GO RETARDED. THEY SENT HIM AWAY TO LIVE IN A FOSTER HOME IN PENNSYLVANIA DUTCH COUNTRY.
ARE YOU MY MUTHA?
?
WIPE IT'S ASS!
WIPE IT'S HANDS AND FACE!
WIPE IT!
AND THE PARENTS WERE TOO BUSY FUCKING ALL THE TIME TO PAY ANY ATTENTION TO MARTINI!
PORK MY HUGE ITALIAN ASS!!
THE EAGLE SHITS TODAY!*
SPLUT!
WHAT A WASTE MY LIFE IS! WHEEEE!
*THAT'S HIS WAY OF SAYING TODAY'S PAYDAY!!!!
MARTINI WAS INCREDIBLY BORED AND DISAPOINTED, UNTIL ONE DAY...
PRIVATE
I WONDER WHAT'S BEHIND THIS DOOR? MAYBE THERE'S SOMETHING IN THERE I CAN BREAK, STEAL, DAMAGE OR STICK UP ME!
NEXT: DISCOVERY!!!


JESUS' CRITTERS
BE HONEST ALWAYS!
YES, I'M THE DOG THAT BIT YOUR CHILD ON THE FACE!
I HATE YOU BUT I PRAISE YOU FOR YOUR HONESTY, DOG!
YES, I'M THE RABID CANINE THAT CAUSED YOUR MOTHER TO GET MULTIPLE, AGONIZING RABIES SHOTS IN THE STOMACH!
FUCKER! BUT GO, IN THE NAME OF GOD... FORGIVEN!
YES, I'M THE MANGY CUR THAT SHIT ON YOUR LAWN AND DUG UP THE STAINED UNDERWEAR THAT YOU BURIED IN THE BACKYARD AND THREW UP ALL OVER THE PATIO FURNITURE!
KILL THAT ANIMAL!

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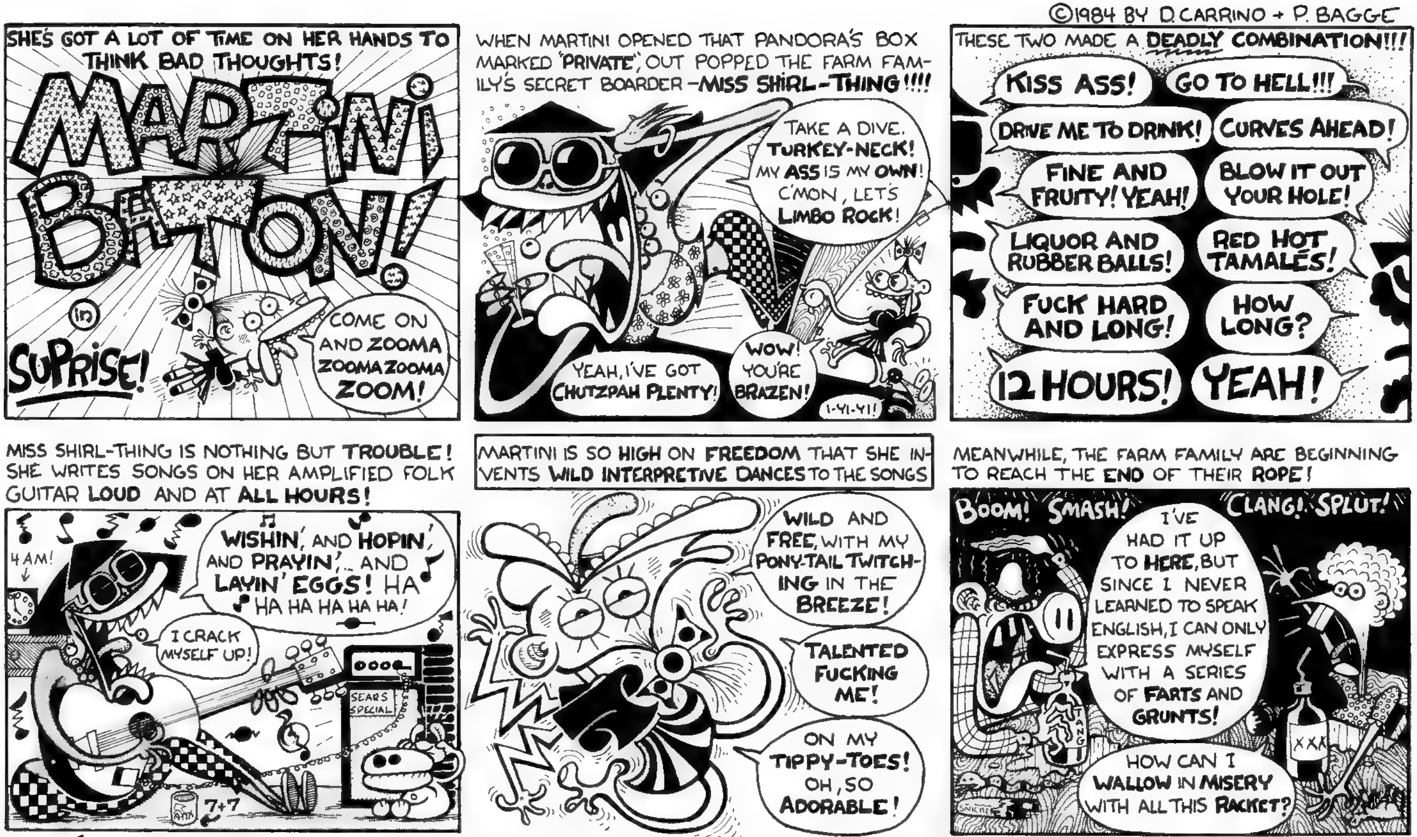
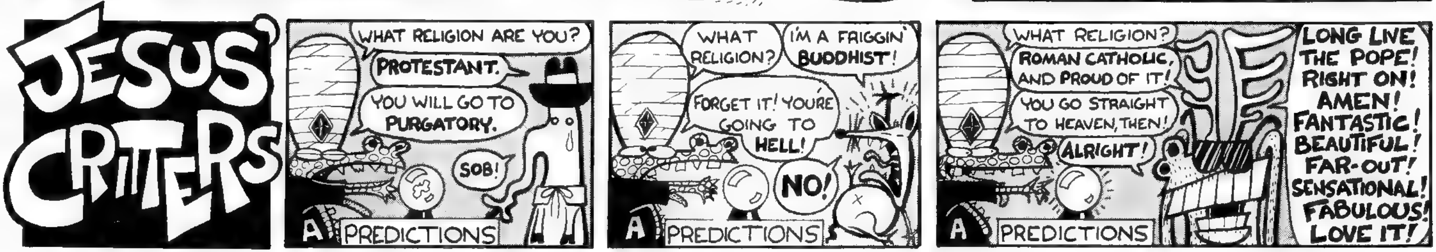
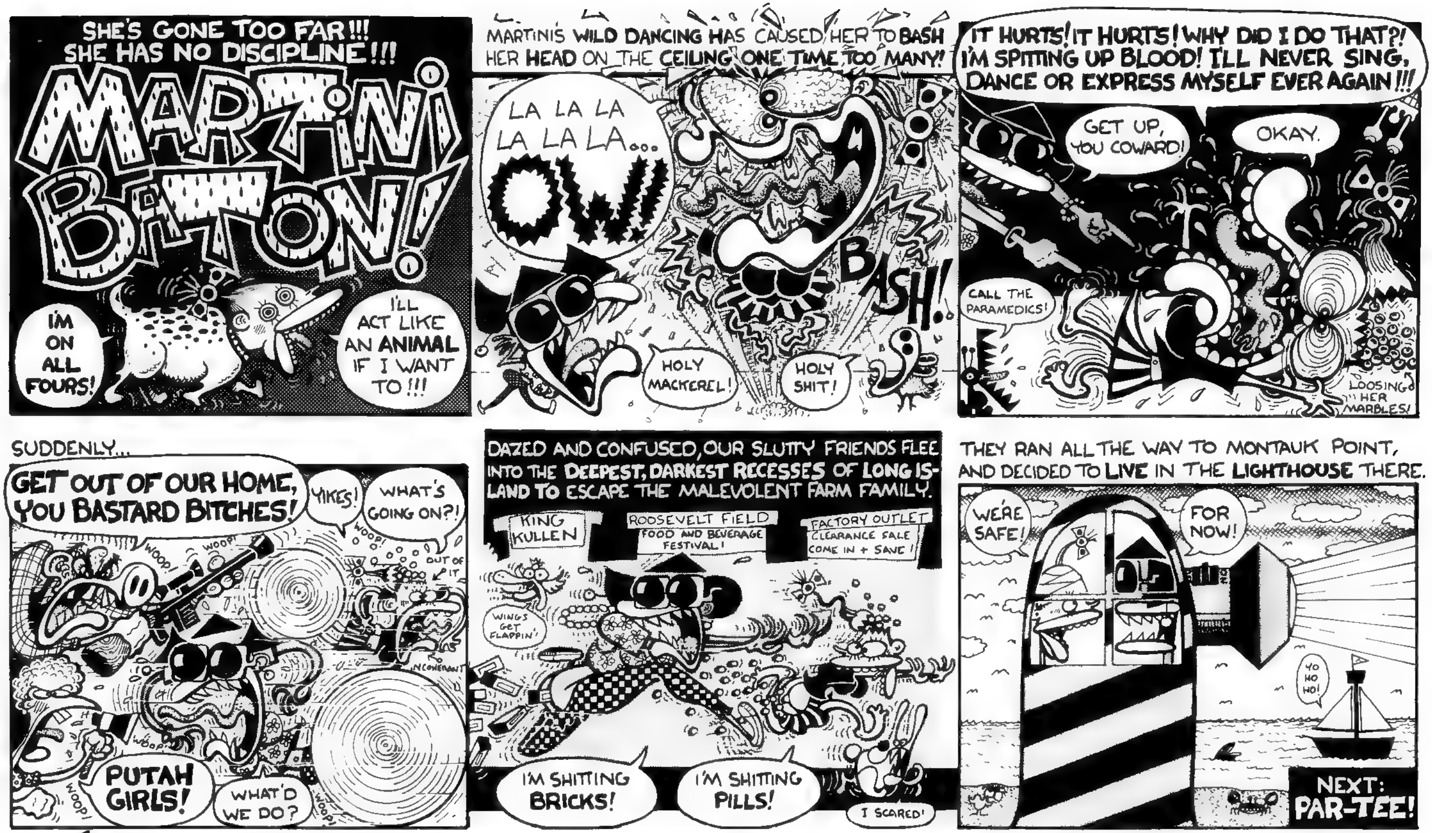
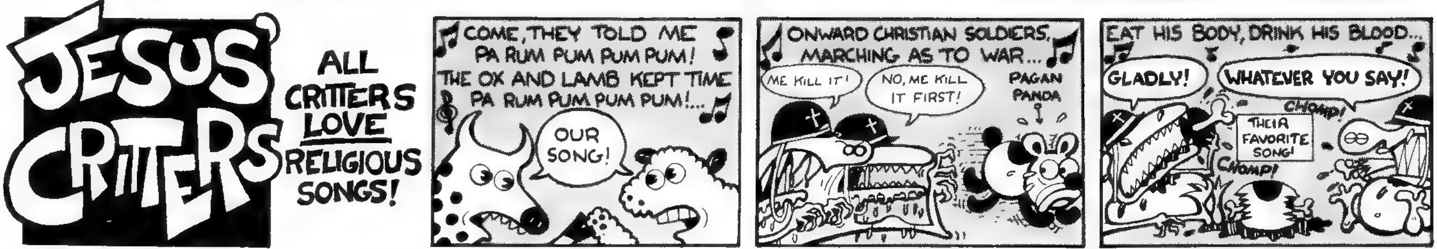
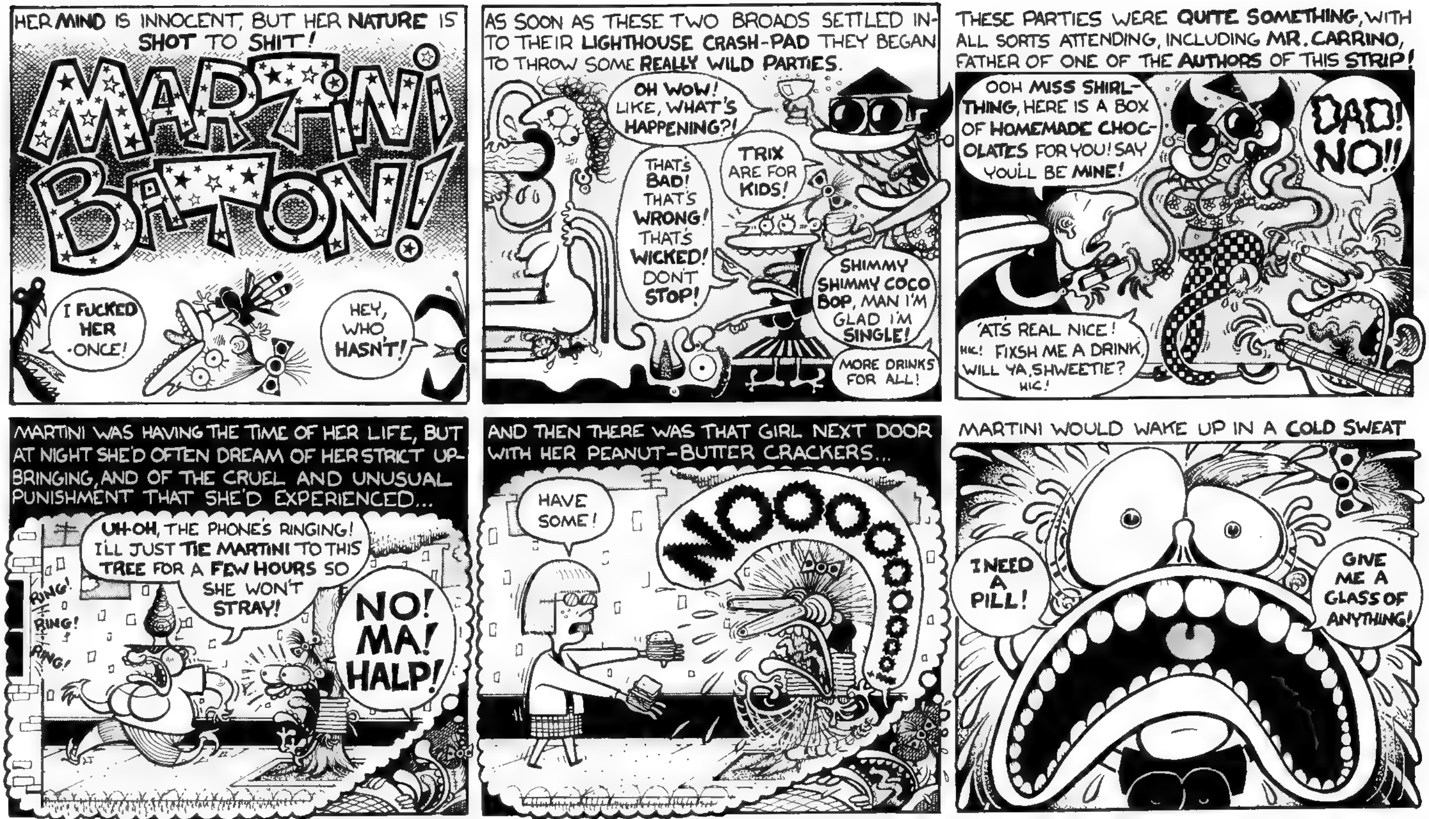

©1984 BY D.CARRINO + P. BAGGE
SHE'S GOT A LOT OF TIME ON HER HANDS TO THINK BAD THOUGHTS!
MARTINI BATON!
in
SUPRISE!
COME ON AND ZOOMA ZOOMA ZOOMA ZOOM!
WHEN MARTINI OPENED THAT PANDORA'S BOX MARKED 'PRIVATE', OUT POPPED THE FARM FAMILY'S SECRET BOARDER —MISS SHIRL-THING!!!!
TAKE A DIVE, TURKEY-NECK! MY ASS IS MY OWN! C'MON, LET'S LIMBO ROCK!
YEAH, I'VE GOT CHUTZPAH PLENTY!
WOW! YOU'RE BRAZEN!
I-YI-YI!
THESE TWO MADE A DEADLY COMBINATION!!!
KISS ASS!
GO TO HELL!!!
DRIVE ME TO DRINK!
CURVES AHEAD!
FINE AND FRUITY! YEAH!
BLOW IT OUT YOUR HOLE!
LIQUOR AND RUBBER BALLS!
RED HOT TAMALES!
FUCK HARD AND LONG!
HOW LONG?
12 HOURS!
YEAH!
MISS SHIRL-THING IS NOTHING BUT TROUBLE! SHE WRITES SONGS ON HER AMPLIFIED FOLK GUITAR LOUD AND AT ALL HOURS!
4 AM!
WISHIN', AND HOPIN', AND PRAYIN',.. AND LAYIN' EGGS! HA HA HA HA HA HA HA!
I CRACK MYSELF UP!
SEARS SPECIAL
7+7
MARTINI IS SO HIGH ON FREEDOM THAT SHE INVENTS WILD INTERPRETIVE DANCES TO THE SONGS
WILD AND FREE, WITH MY PONY-TAIL TWITCHING IN THE BREEZE!
TALENTED FUCKING ME!
ON MY TIPPY-TOES! OH, SO ADORABLE!
MEANWHILE, THE FARM FAMILY ARE BEGINNING TO REACH THE END OF THEIR ROPE!
BOOM! SMASH!
CLANG! SPLUT!
I'VE HAD IT UP TO HERE, BUT SINCE I NEVER LEARNED TO SPEAK ENGLISH, I CAN ONLY EXPRESS MYSELF WITH A SERIES OF FARTS AND GRUNTS!
TANG
XXX
HOW CAN I WALLOW IN MISERY WITH ALL THIS RACKET?

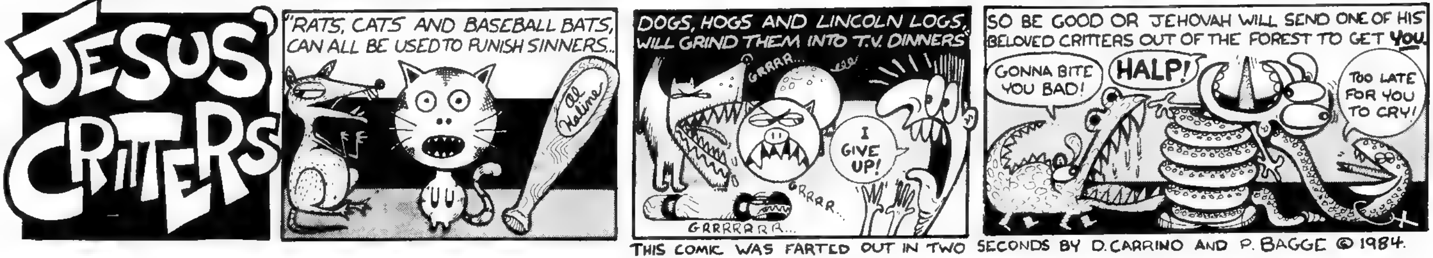

JESUS' CRITTERS
WHAT RELIGION ARE YOU?
PROTESTANT.
YOU WILL GO TO PURGATORY.
SOB!
A PREDICTIONS
WHAT RELIGION?
I'M A FRIGGIN' BUDDHIST!
FORGET IT! YOU'RE GOING TO HELL!
NO!
A PREDICTIONS
WHAT RELIGION?
ROMAN CATHOLIC, AND PROUD OF IT!
YOU GO STRAIGHT TO HEAVEN, THEN!
ALRIGHT!
LONG LIVE THE POPE! RIGHT ON! AMEN! FANTASTIC! BEAUTIFUL! FAR-OUT! SENSATIONAL! FABULOUS! LOVE IT!
A PREDICTIONS


SHE'S GONE TOO FAR!!! SHE HAS NO DISCIPLINE!!!
MARTINI BATON!
I'M ON ALL FOURS!
I'LL ACT LIKE AN ANIMAL IF I WANT TO!!!
MARTINI'S WILD DANCING HAS CAUSED HER TO BASH HER HEAD ON THE CEILING ONE TIME TOO MANY!
LA LA LA LA LA LA...
OW!
BASH!!
HOLY MACKEREL!
HOLY SHIT!
IT HURTS! IT HURTS! WHY DID I DO THAT?! I'M SPITTING UP BLOOD! I'LL NEVER SING, DANCE OR EXPRESS MYSELF EVER AGAIN!!!
GET UP, YOU COWARD!
OKAY.
CALL THE PARAMEDICS!
LOOSING HER MARBLES!
SUDDENLY...
GET OUT OF OUR HOME, YOU BASTARD BITCHES!
YIKES!
WHAT'S GOING ON?!
WOOP!
WOOP!
WOOP!
OUT OF IT
INCOHERANT
PUTAH GIRLS!
WHAT'D WE DO?
WOOP!
WOOP!
WOOP!
DAZED AND CONFUSED, OUR SLUTTY FRIENDS FLEE INTO THE DEEPEST, DARKEST RECESSES OF LONG ISLAND TO ESCAPE THE MALEVOLENT FARM FAMILY.
KING KULLEN
ROOSEVELT FIELD FOOD AND BEVERAGE FESTIVAL!
FACTORY OUTLET CLEARANCE SALE COME IN + SAVE!
WINGS GET FLAPPIN'
I'M SHITTING BRICKS!
I'M SHITTING PILLS!
I SCARED!
THEY RAN ALL THE WAY TO MONTAUK POINT, AND DECIDED TO LIVE IN THE LIGHTHOUSE THERE.
WE'RE SAFE!
FOR NOW!
YO HO HO!
NEXT: PAR-TEE!

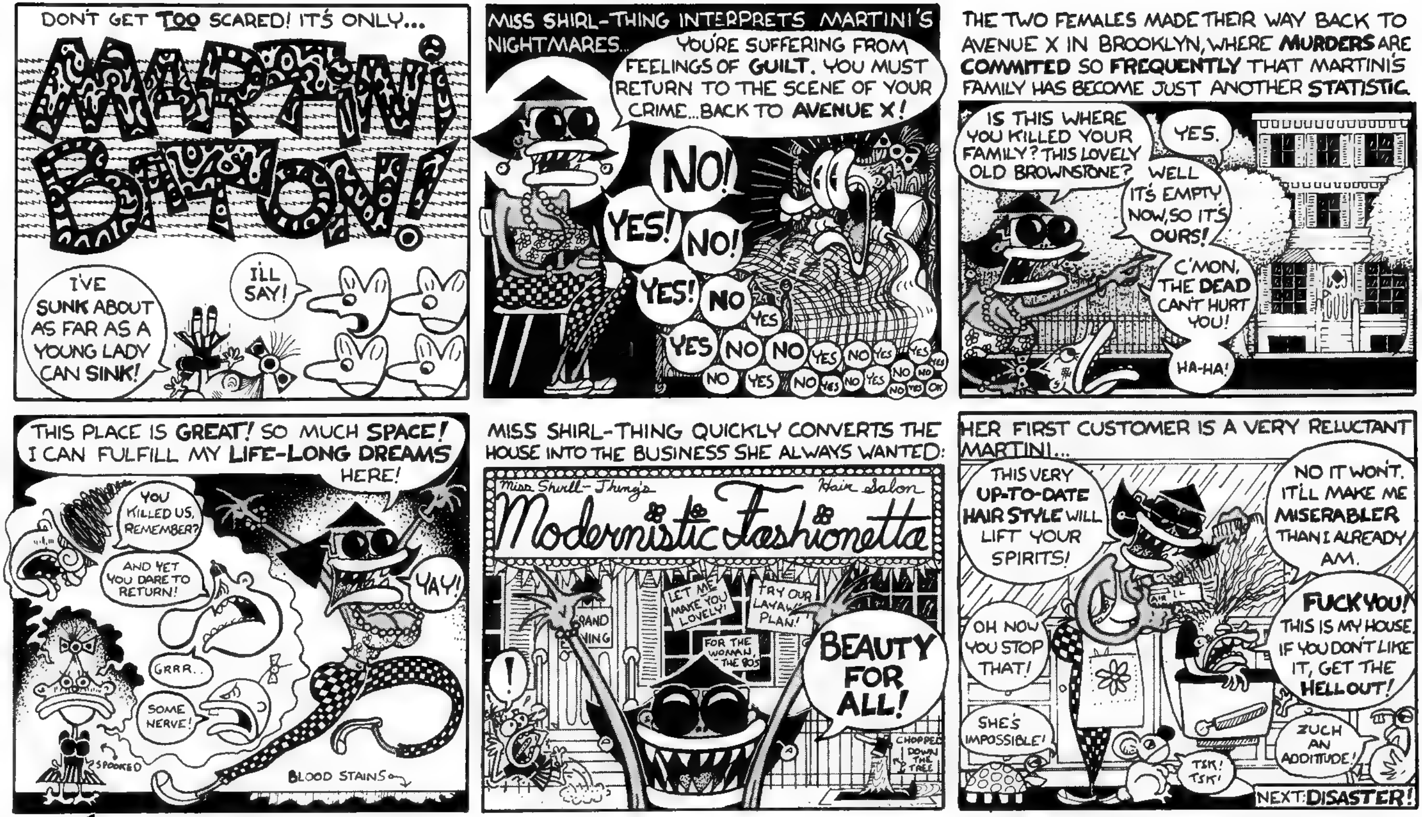

JESUS' CRITTERS
ALL CRITTERS LOVE RELIGIOUS SONGS!
COME, THEY TOLD ME PA RUM PUM PUM PUM! THE OX AND LAMB KEPT TIME PA RUM PUM PUM PUM!...
OUR SONG!
ONWARD CHRISTIAN SOLDIERS, MARCHING AS TO WAR...
ME KILL IT!
NO, ME KILL IT FIRST!
PAGAN PANDA
EAT HIS BODY, DRINK HIS BLOOD...
GLADLY!
WHATEVER YOU SAY!
CHOMP!
THEIR FAVORITE SONG!
CHOMP!

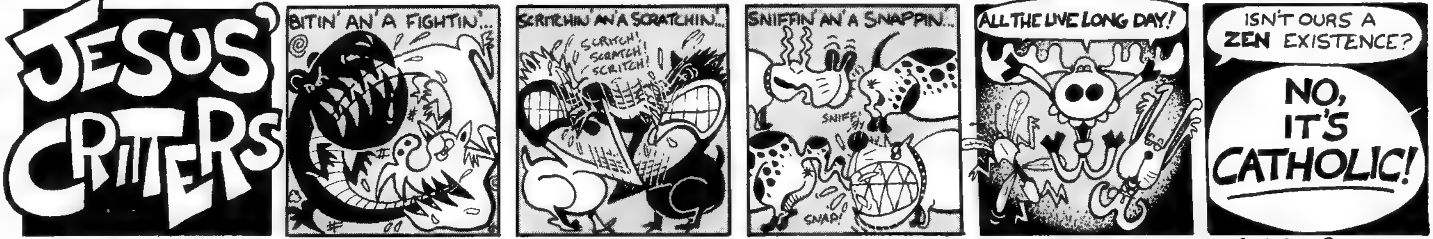
©1984 by PETIE-WEETIE SCUM-BAGGE and DAVEY-POO CARRINO-SHITS


HER MIND IS INNOCENT, BUT HER NATURE IS SHOT TO SHIT!
MARTINI BATON!
I FUCKED HER ONCE!
HEY, WHO HASN'T!
AS SOON AS THESE TWO BROADS SETTLED INTO THEIR LIGHTHOUSE CRASH-PAD THEY BEGAN TO THROW SOME REALLY WILD PARTIES.
OH WOW! LIKE, WHAT'S HAPPENING?!
TRIX ARE FOR KIDS!
THAT'S BAD! THAT'S WRONG! THAT'S WICKED! DON'T STOP!
SHIMMY SHIMMY COCO BOP, MAN I'M GLAD I'M SINGLE!
MORE DRINKS FOR ALL!
THESE PARTIES WERE QUITE SOMETHING, WITH ALL SORTS ATTENDING, INCLUDING MR. CARRINO, FATHER OF ONE OF THE AUTHORS OF THIS STRIP!
OOH MISS SHIRLTHING, HERE IS A BOX OF HOMEMADE CHOCOLATES FOR YOU! SAY YOU'LL BE MINE!
DAD! NO!!
'AT'S REAL NICE! HIC! FIXSH ME A DRINK, WILL YA, SHWEETIE? HIC!
MARTINI WAS HAVING THE TIME OF HER LIFE, BUT AT NIGHT SHE'D OFTEN DREAM OF HER STRICT UPBRINGING, AND OF THE CRUEL AND UNUSUAL PUNISHMENT THAT SHE'D EXPERIENCED...
RING! RING! RING!
UH-OH, THE PHONE'S RINGING! I'LL JUST TIE MARTINI TO THIS TREE FOR A FEW HOURS SO SHE WON'T STRAY!
NO! MA! HALP!
AND THEN THERE WAS THAT GIRL NEXT DOOR WITH HER PEANUT-BUTTER CRACKERS...
HAVE SOME!
NOOOOOOOOOO!
MARTINI WOULD WAKE UP IN A COLD SWEAT
I NEED A PILL!
GIVE ME A GLASS OF ANYTHING!

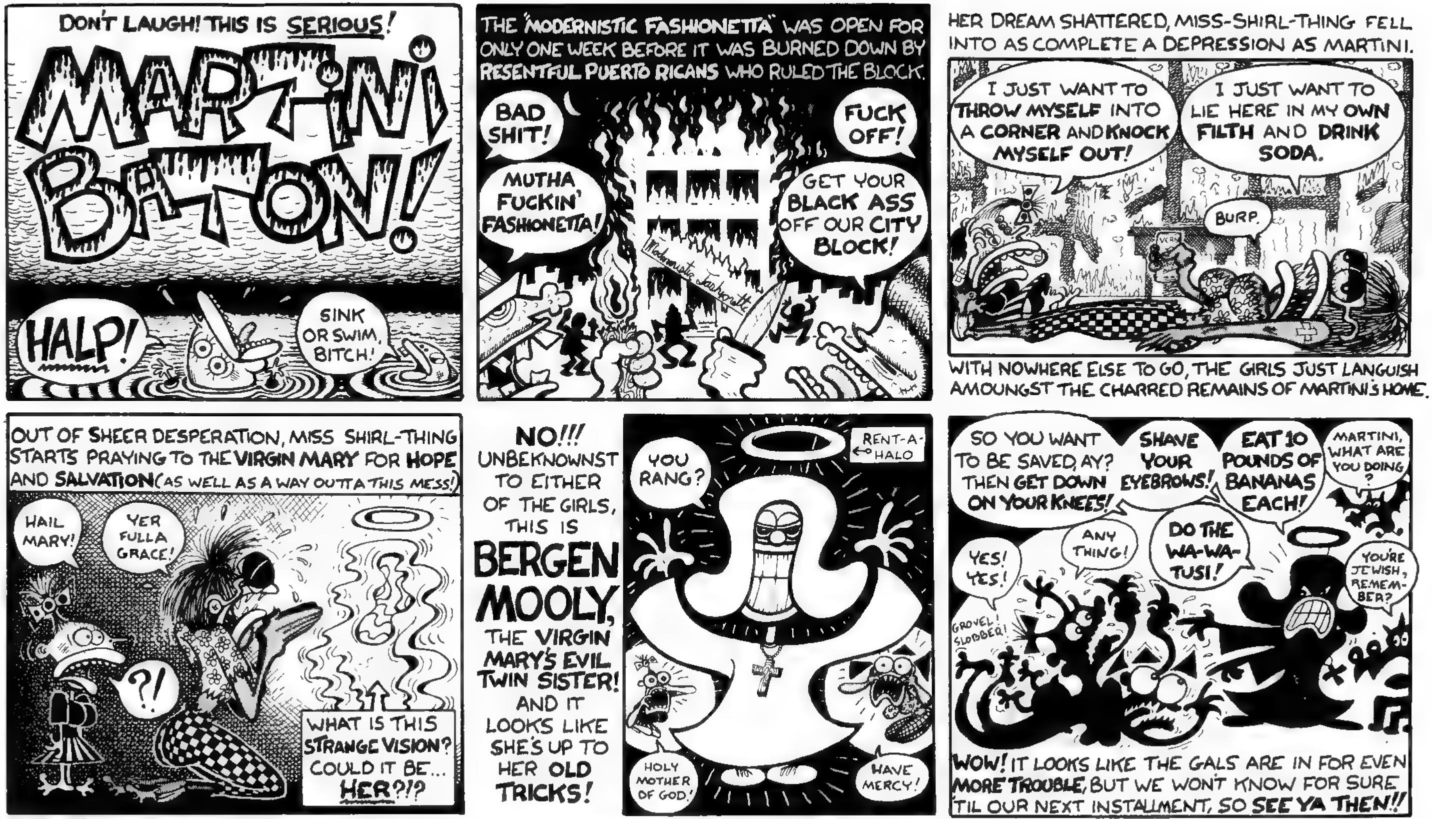

JESUS' CRITTERS
"RATS, CATS AND BASEBALL BATS, CAN ALL BE USED TO PUNISH SINNERS...
Al Kaline
DOGS, HOGS AND LINCOLN LOGS, WILL GRIND THEM INTO T.V. DINNERS"
GRRRR...
I GIVE UP!
GRRRR...
GRRRRRRRR...
SO BE GOOD OR JEHOVAH WILL SEND ONE OF HIS BELOVED CRITTERS OUT OF THE FOREST TO GET YOU.
GONNA BITE YOU BAD!
HALP!
TOO LATE FOR YOU TO CRY!

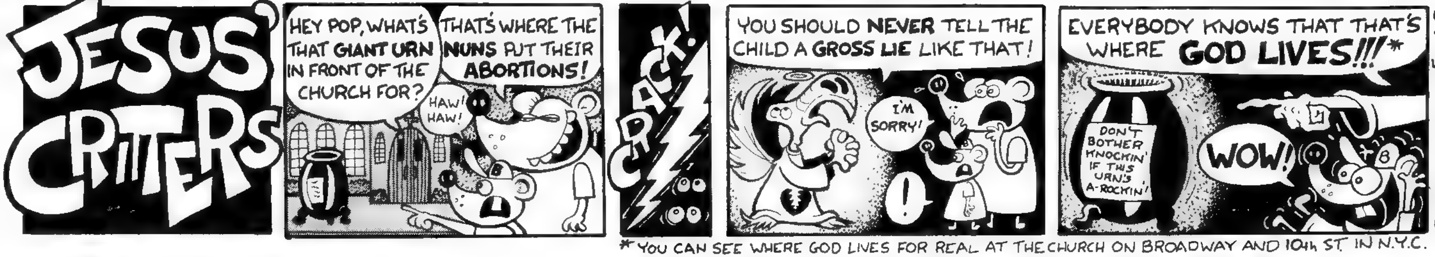
THIS COMIC WAS FARTED OUT IN TWO SECONDS BY D. CARRINO AND P. BAGGE © 1984.


DON'T GET TOO SCARED! IT'S ONLY...
MARTINI BATON!
I'VE SUNK ABOUT AS FAR AS A YOUNG LADY CAN SINK!
I'LL SAY!
MISS SHIRL-THING INTERPRETS MARTINI'S NIGHTMARES...
YOU'RE SUFFERING FROM FEELINGS OF GUILT. YOU MUST RETURN TO THE SCENE OF YOUR CRIME...BACK TO AVENUE X!
NO!
YES!
NO!
YES!
NO
YES
YES NO NO YES NO YES YES YES
NO YES NO YES NO YES NO NO NO YES OK
THE TWO FEMALES MADE THEIR WAY BACK TO AVENUE X IN BROOKLYN, WHERE MURDERS ARE COMMITED SO FREQUENTLY THAT MARTINI'S FAMILY HAS BECOME JUST ANOTHER STATISTIC.
IS THIS WHERE YOU KILLED YOUR FAMILY? THIS LOVELY OLD BROWNSTONE?
YES.
WELL IT'S EMPTY NOW, SO IT'S OURS!
C'MON, THE DEAD CAN'T HURT YOU!
HA-HA!
THIS PLACE IS GREAT! SO MUCH SPACE! I CAN FULFILL MY LIFE-LONG DREAMS HERE!
YOU KILLED US, REMEMBER?
AND YET YOU DARE TO RETURN!
YAY!
GRRR..
SOME NERVE!
SPOOKED
BLOOD STAINS
MISS SHIRL-THING QUICKLY CONVERTS THE HOUSE INTO THE BUSINESS SHE ALWAYS WANTED:
Miss Shirll-Thing's Hair Salon
Modernistic Fashionetta
LET ME MAKE YOU LOVELY!
TRY OUR LAYAWAY PLAN!
FOR THE WOMAN THE 90S
GRAND OPENING
!
BEAUTY FOR ALL!
CHOPPED DOWN THE TREE
HER FIRST CUSTOMER IS A VERY RELUCTANT MARTINI...
THIS VERY UP-TO-DATE HAIR STYLE WILL LIFT YOUR SPIRITS!
NO IT WON'T. IT'LL MAKE ME MISERABLER THAN I ALREADY AM.
OH NOW YOU STOP THAT!
FUCK YOU! THIS IS MY HOUSE, IF YOU DON'T LIKE IT, GET THE HELL OUT!
SHE'S IMPOSSIBLE!
TSK! TSK!
ZUCH AN ADDITUDE!
NEXT: DISASTER!


JESUS' CRITTERS
BITIN' AN' A FIGHTIN'...
SCRITCHIN' AN' A SCRATCHIN'...
SCRITCH! SCRATCH! SCRITCH!
SNIFFIN' AN' A SNAPPIN'...
SNIFF!
SNAP!
ALL THE LIVE LONG DAY!
ISN'T OURS A ZEN EXISTENCE?
NO, IT'S CATHOLIC!

© 1984 by P. BAGGE and D. CARRINO.


DON'T LAUGH! THIS IS SERIOUS!
MARTINI BATON!
HALP!
SINK OR SWIM, BITCH!
THE "MODERNISTIC FASHIONETTA" WAS OPEN FOR ONLY ONE WEEK BEFORE IT WAS BURNED DOWN BY RESENTFUL PUERTO RICANS WHO RULED THE BLOCK.
BAD SHIT!
FUCK OFF!
MUTHA FUCKIN' FASHIONETTA!
GET YOUR BLACK ASS OFF OUR CITY BLOCK!
Modernistic Fashionetta
HER DREAM SHATTERED, MISS-SHIRL-THING FELL INTO AS COMPLETE A DEPRESSION AS MARTINI.
I JUST WANT TO THROW MYSELF INTO A CORNER AND KNOCK MYSELF OUT!
I JUST WANT TO LIE HERE IN MY OWN FILTH AND DRINK SODA.
BURP.
WITH NOWHERE ELSE TO GO, THE GIRLS JUST LANGUISH AMOUNGST THE CHARRED REMAINS OF MARTINI'S HOME.
OUT OF SHEER DESPERATION, MISS SHIRL-THING STARTS PRAYING TO THE VIRGIN MARY FOR HOPE AND SALVATION (AS WELL AS A WAY OUTTA THIS MESS!)
HAIL MARY!
YER FULLA GRACE!
?!
WHAT IS THIS STRANGE VISION? COULD IT BE... HER?!?
NO!!! UNBEKNOWNST TO EITHER OF THE GIRLS, THIS IS BERGEN MOOLY, THE VIRGIN MARY'S EVIL TWIN SISTER! AND IT LOOKS LIKE SHE'S UP TO HER OLD TRICKS!
YOU RANG?
RENT-A-HALO
HOLY MOTHER OF GOD!
HAVE MERCY!
SO YOU WANT TO BE SAVED, AY? THEN GET DOWN ON YOUR KNEES!
SHAVE YOUR EYEBROWS!
EAT 10 POUNDS OF BANANAS EACH!
MARTINI, WHAT ARE YOU DOING?
YES! YES!
ANY THING!
DO THE WA-WA-TUSI!
YOU'RE JEWISH, REMEMBER?
GROVEL! SLOBBER!
WOW! IT LOOKS LIKE THE GALS ARE IN FOR EVEN MORE TROUBLE, BUT WE WON'T KNOW FOR SURE 'TIL OUR NEXT INSTALLMENT, SO SEE YA THEN!!


JESUS' CRITTERS
HEY POP, WHAT'S THAT GIANT URN IN FRONT OF THE CHURCH FOR?
THAT'S WHERE THE NUNS PUT THEIR ABORTIONS!
HAW! HAW!
CRACK!
YOU SHOULD NEVER TELL THE CHILD A GROSS LIE LIKE THAT!
I'M SORRY!
!
EVERYBODY KNOWS THAT THAT'S WHERE GOD LIVES!!!*
DON'T BOTHER KNOCKIN' IF THIS URN'S A-ROCKIN'!
WOW!

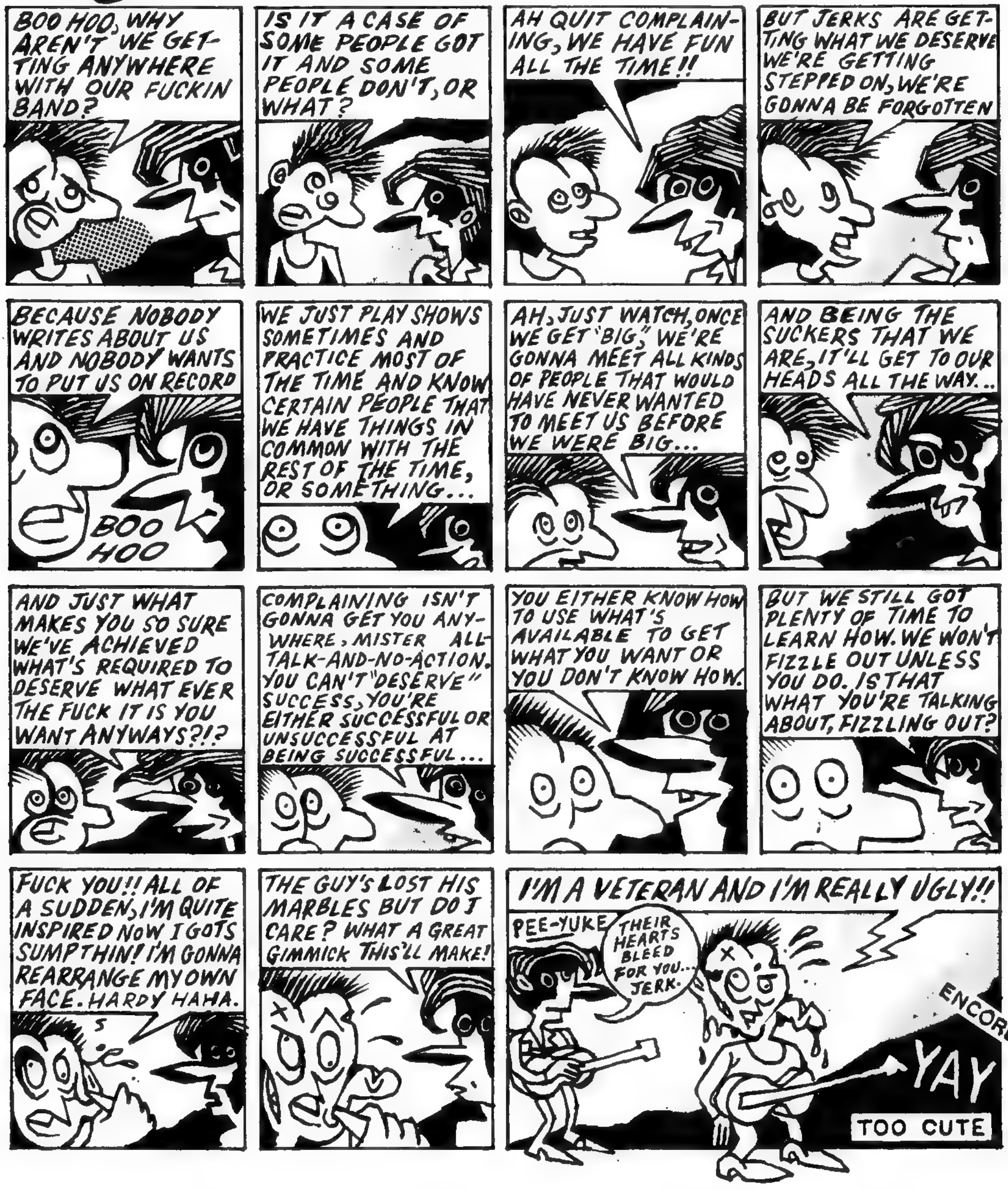
© '84 by BAGGE + CARRINO

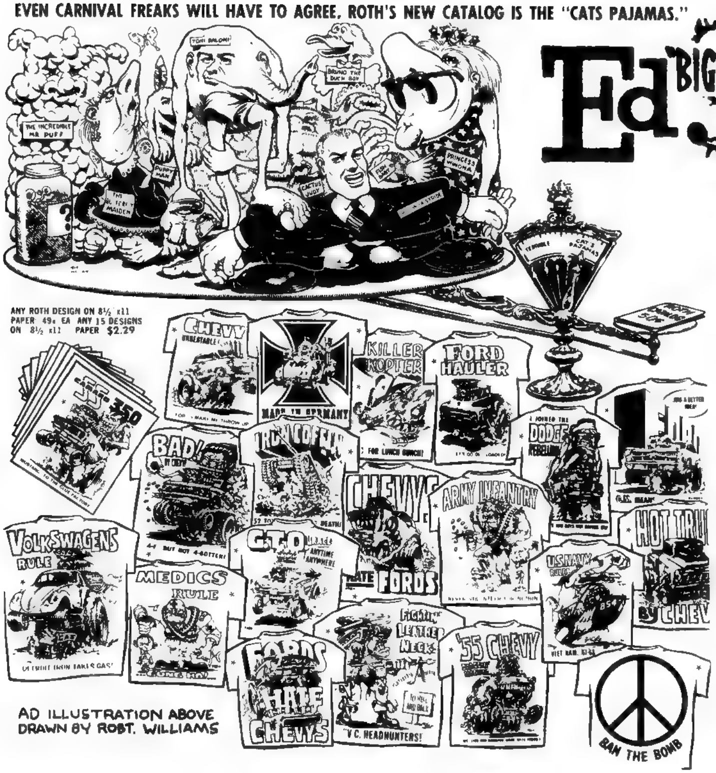
* YOU CAN SEE WHERE GOD LIVES FOR REAL AT THE CHURCH ON BROADWAY AND 10th ST. IN N.Y.C.

© 1984 RICK TREMBLES

FUN CITY THE MONTREAL UNDERGROUND(?)

IN HERSHEY HIGHWAY TO SUCCESS...


BOO HOO, WHY AREN'T WE GETTING ANYWHERE WITH OUR FUCKIN BAND?
IS IT A CASE OF SOME PEOPLE GOT IT AND SOME PEOPLE DON'T, OR WHAT?
AH QUIT COMPLAINING, WE HAVE FUN ALL THE TIME!!
BUT JERKS ARE GETTING WHAT WE DESERVE WE'RE GETTING STEPPED ON, WE'RE GONNA BE FORGOTTEN
BECAUSE NOBODY WRITES ABOUT US AND NOBODY WANTS TO PUT US ON RECORD
BOO HOO
WE JUST PLAY SHOWS SOMETIMES AND PRACTICE MOST OF THE TIME AND KNOW CERTAIN PEOPLE THAT WE HAVE THINGS IN COMMON WITH THE REST OF THE TIME, OR SOMETHING...
AH, JUST WATCH, ONCE WE GET "BIG," WE'RE GONNA MEET ALL KINDS OF PEOPLE THAT WOULD HAVE NEVER WANTED TO MEET US BEFORE WE WERE BIG...
AND BEING THE SUCKERS THAT WE ARE, IT'LL GET TO OUR HEADS ALL THE WAY...
AND JUST WHAT MAKES YOU SO SURE WE'VE ACHIEVED WHAT'S REQUIRED TO DESERVE WHAT EVER THE FUCK IT IS YOU WANT ANYWAYS?!?
COMPLAINING ISN'T GONNA GET YOU ANYWHERE, MISTER ALL-TALK-AND-NO-ACTION. YOU CAN'T "DESERVE" SUCCESS, YOU'RE EITHER SUCCESSFUL OR UNSUCCESSFUL AT BEING SUCCESSFUL...
YOU EITHER KNOW HOW TO USE WHAT'S AVAILABLE TO GET WHAT YOU WANT OR YOU DON'T KNOW HOW.
BUT WE STILL GOT PLENTY OF TIME TO LEARN HOW. WE WON'T FIZZLE OUT UNLESS YOU DO. IS THAT WHAT YOU'RE TALKING ABOUT, FIZZLING OUT?
FUCK YOU!! ALL OF A SUDDEN, I'M QUITE INSPIRED NOW I GOTS SUMPTHIN! I'M GONNA REARRANGE MY OWN FACE. HARDY HAHA.
THE GUY'S LOST HIS MARBLES BUT DO I CARE? WHAT A GREAT GIMMICK THIS'LL MAKE!
I'M A VETERAN AND I'M REALLY UGLY!!
PEE-YUKE
THEIR HEARTS BLEED FOR YOU... JERK.
ENCORE!
YAY
TOO CUTE



EVEN CARNIVAL FREAKS WILL HAVE TO AGREE, ROTH'S NEW CATALOG IS THE "CATS PAJAMAS."

ANY ROTH DESIGN ON 8½ x11 PAPER 49¢ EA ANY 15 DESIGNS ON 8½ x11 PAPER $2.29

THE INCREDIBLE MR PUFF
BRUNO THE DUCK BOY
CACTUS JUDY
PRINCESS WINONA
CAT'S PAJAMAS
TERRIBLE
CHEVY UNBEATABLE
MADE IN GERMANY
KILLER KOPTER
FOR LUNCH BUNCH!
FORD HAULER
'55 350
BAD! BY CHEVY
IRON COFFIN
I JOINED THE DODGE REBELLION
VOLKSWAGENS RULE
DETROIT IRON TAKES GAS!
MEDICS RULE
G.T.O. ANYTIME ANYWHERE
CHEVYS HATE FORDS
ARMY INFANTRY
U.S. NAVY
VIET NAM
BY CHEV
FIGHTIN' LEATHER NECKS
FORDS HATE CHEVYS
'55 CHEVY
"V.C. HEADHUNTERS!"
BAN THE BOMB

AD ILLUSTRATION ABOVE DRAWN BY ROBT. WILLIAMS

ED "BIG DADDY" ROTH.

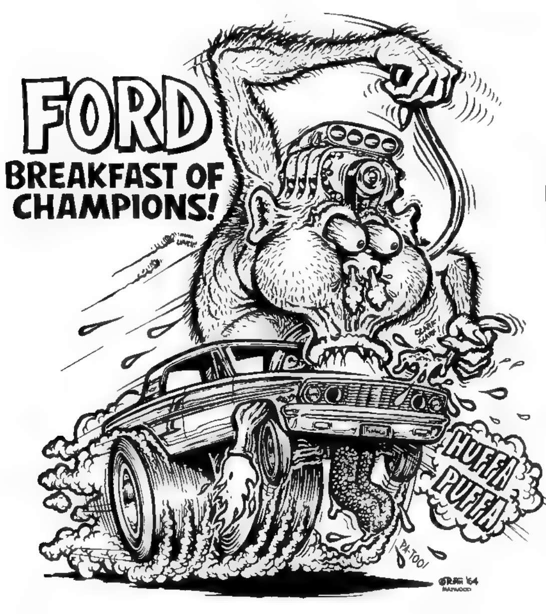
CUSTOM CAR BUILDER ED "BIG DADDY" ROTH WAS AS WELL KNOWN IN THE SIXTIES FOR HIS "WEIRDO" MONSTER DESIGNS AS HE WAS FOR HIS HOT RODS. HIS CUSTOM T-SHIRT PAINTINGS BECAME SO POPULAR THAT HE STARTED SILK-SCREENING THEM AND SELLING THEM—ALONG WITH HIS MANY OTHER PRODUCTS—THROUGH ADS THAT RAN IN CAR MAGAZINES (SUCH AS THE ONE AT LEFT) UNTIL ABOUT 1970.

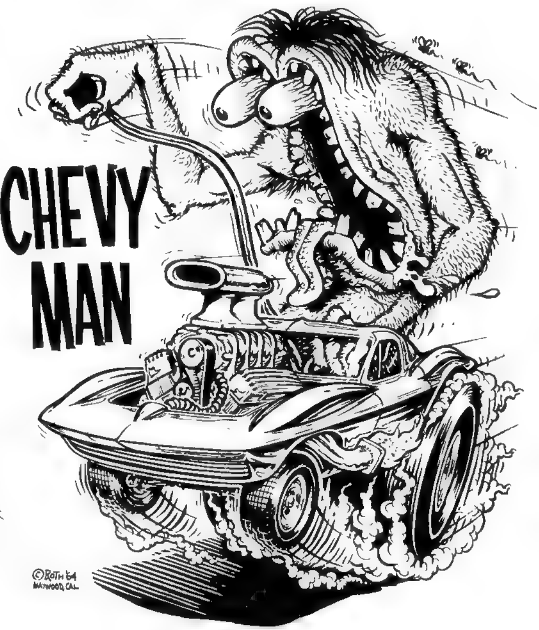
ROTH USED TO HIRE OTHER ARTISTS TO WORK ON HIS T-SHIRT DESIGNS, DECALS, COMIC BOOKS, ETC. ROTH STUDIO ALUMNI INCLUDES RICK GRIFFIN, ALEX TOTH, DENNIS ELLIFSON AND ED NEWTON. NEWTON IS RESPONSIBLE FOR THE DRAWINGS USED HERE, WHICH HAVE BEEN REPRINTED FROM 'BIG DADDY' ROTH'S COLORING BOOK.

YOU CAN STILL ORDER ROTH PRODUCTS, AS WELL AS CUSTOM T-SHIRTS, BY SENDING $3.50 TO: ED "BIG DADDY" ROTH, 14245 SAN-FELICIANO, LA MIRADA, CA. 90638 FOR HIS CATOLOG.

ALSO HIGHLY RECOMMENDED IS "THE LOW BROW ART OF ROBERT WILLIAMS" ($10.95-RIP-OFF PRESS), WHICH FEATURES SOME OF MR. WILLIAMS GREATEST PAINTINGS, COMICS AND DRAWINGS, AS WELL AS SAMPLES OF WORK HE DID FOR ROTH. S'GOOD STUFF, SO BUY IT NOW.

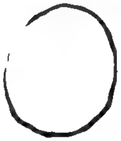
"HOORAY FOR THE BADGUYS!"

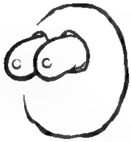

FORD
BREAKFAST OF CHAMPIONS!
HUFFA PUFFA
PA-TOO!
©ROTH '64 MAYWOOD


CHEVY MAN
©ROTH '64 MAYWOOD, CAL.

DRAW A MONSTER!

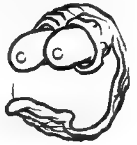
FIRST SCRAWL A CIRCLE . . .

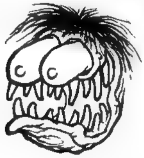




DRAW IN ANY CONVENIENT AMOUNT OF EYEBALLS . . .

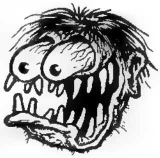
MAKE A GAPING MOUTH, PUFFY LIPS, AND A FEW THOUSAND WRINKLES . . .

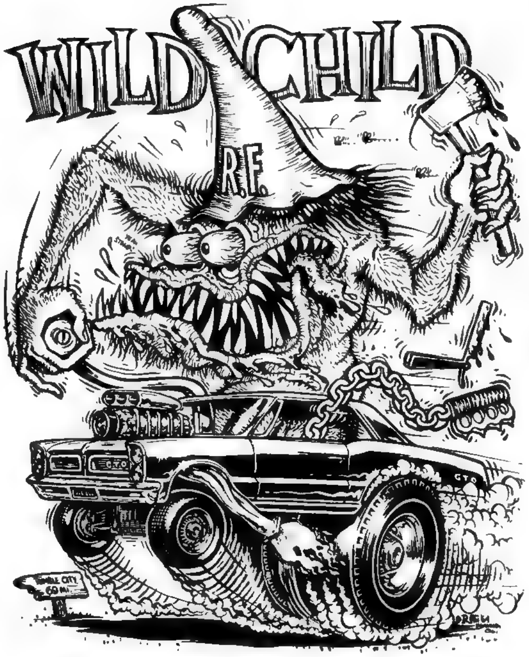


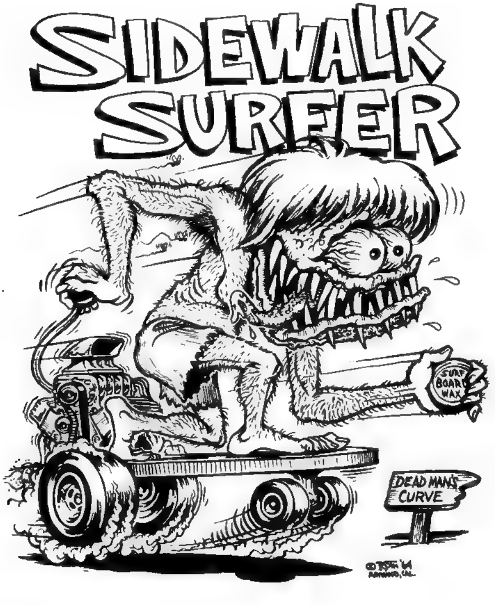


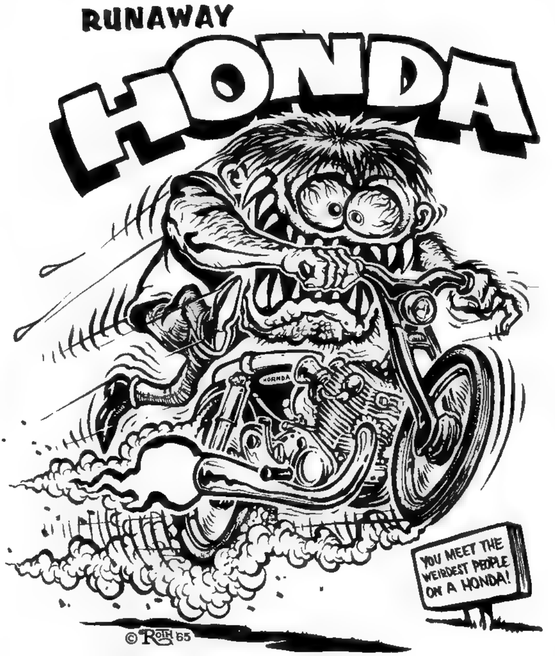
THROW IN SOME WILD HAIR AND ROTTEN TEETH . . .

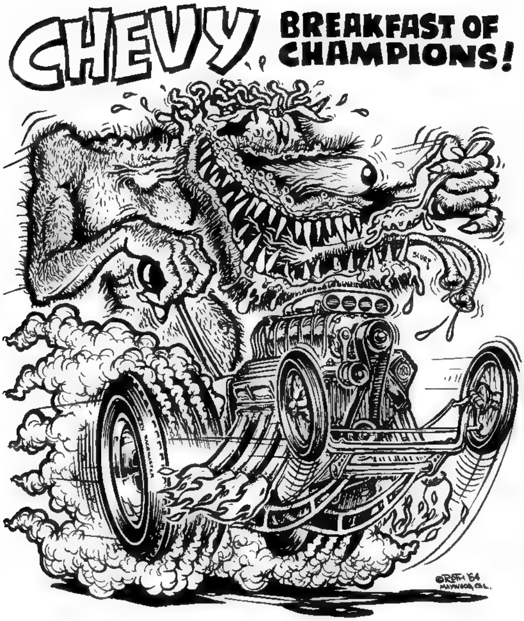
ADD DECAYED EARS AND SHADING, AND . . . ECCH! . . . A ROTH-TYPE MONSTER!

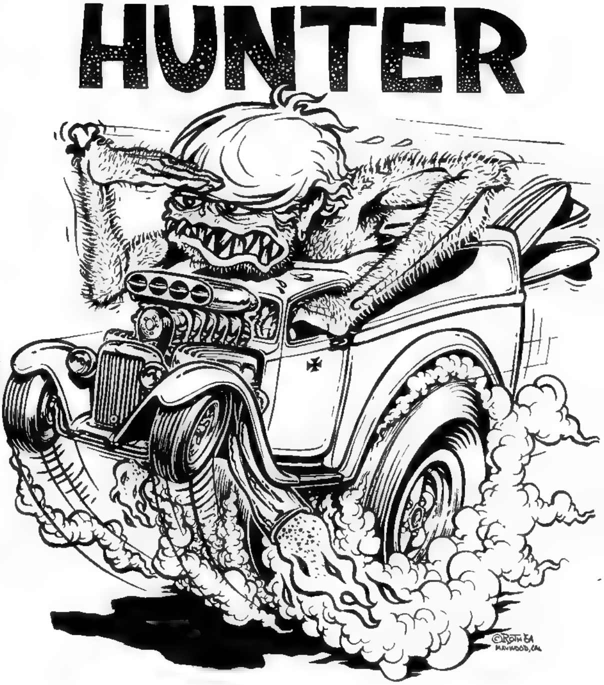


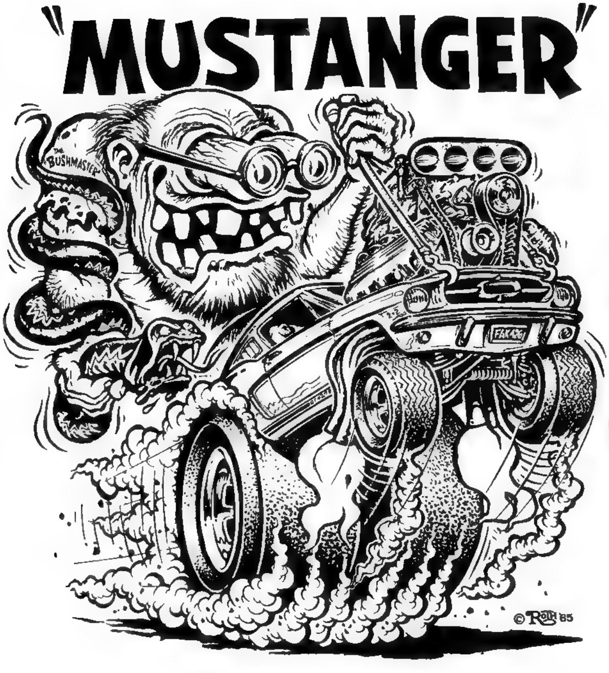

WILD CHILD
R.F.
GTO
60 MI.

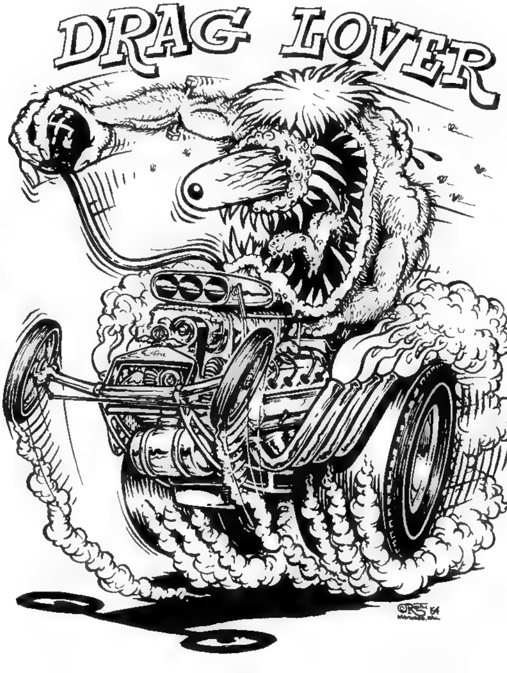

SIDEWALK SURFER
SURF BOARD WAX
DEAD MAN'S CURVE
© Roth '64
Maywood, Cal.

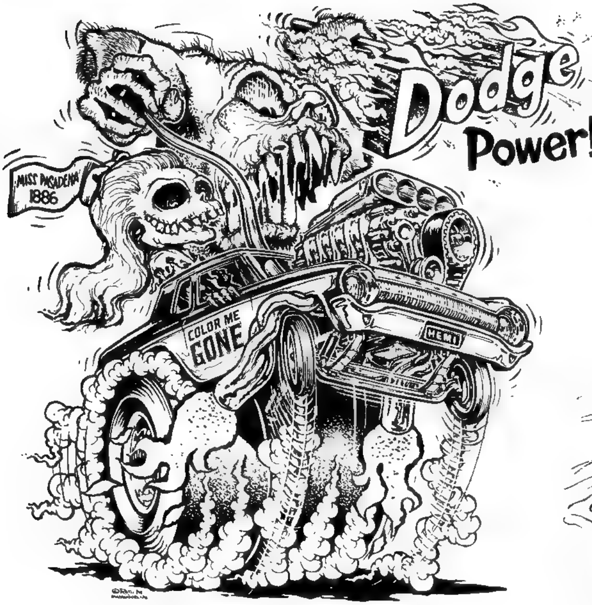

RUNAWAY HONDA
HONDA
YOU MEET THE WEIRDEST PEOPLE ON A HONDA!
© Roth '65

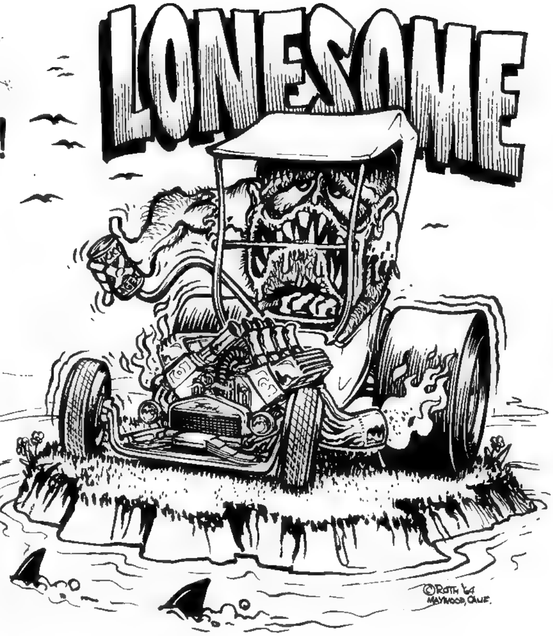

CHEVY
BREAKFAST OF CHAMPIONS!
SLURP
©Roth '64
MAYWOOD, CAL.

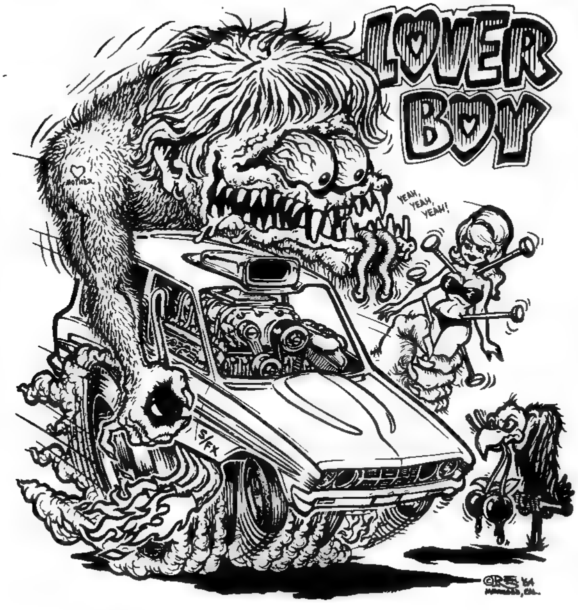

HUNTER
©Roth '64
MAYWOOD, CAL.

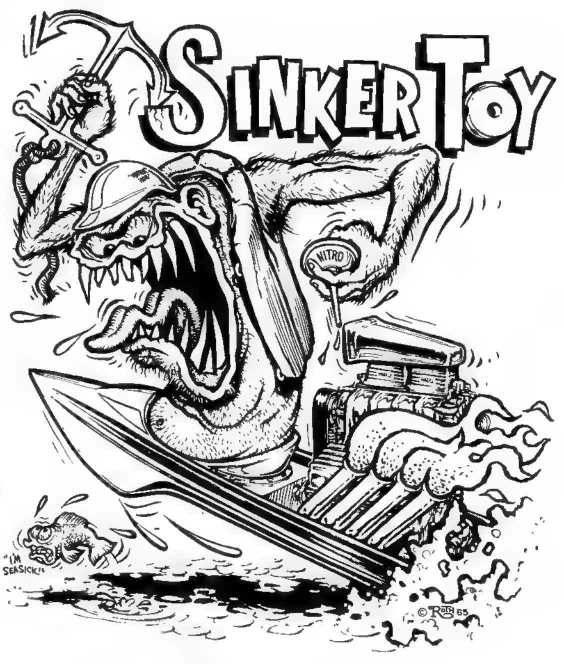

"MUSTANGER"
THE BUSHMASTER
© Roth '85

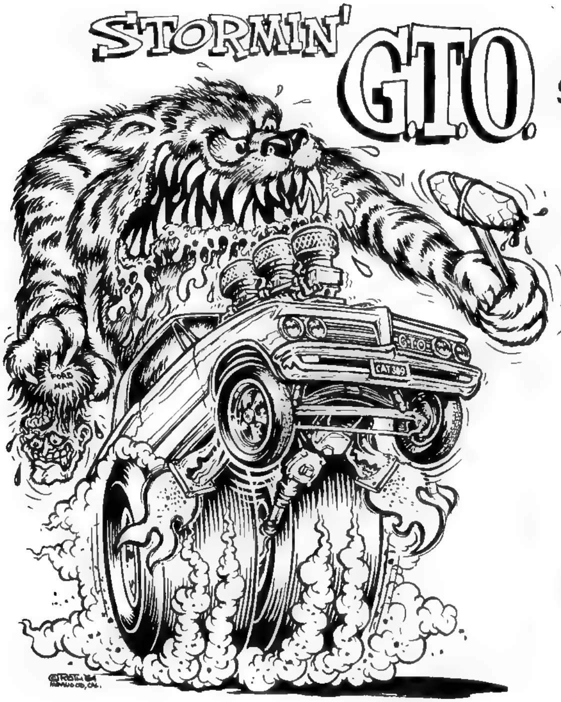

DRAG LOVER
©Roth '64
MAYWOOD, CAL.

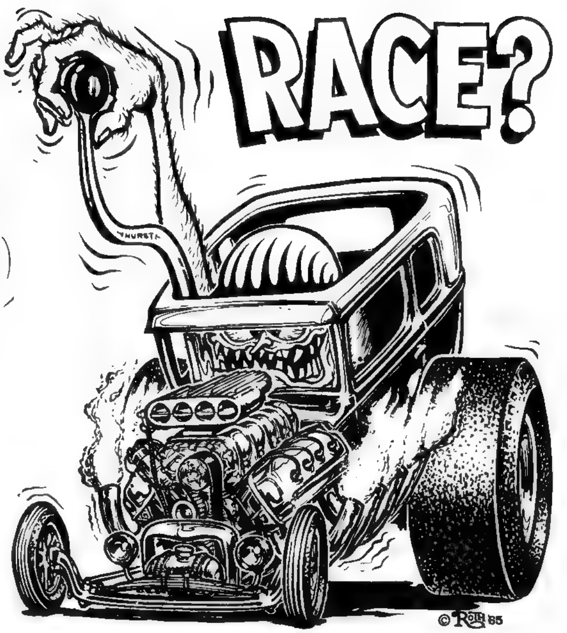

Dodge
Power!
MISS PASADENA
1886
COLOR ME
GONE
HEMI
©Roth '64
MAYWOOD, CAL.

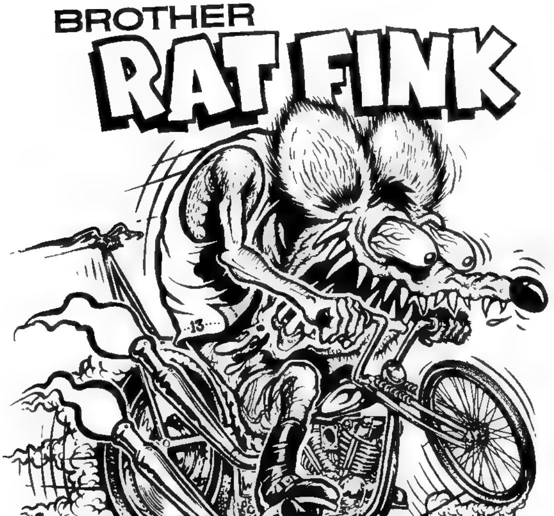

LONESOME
©Roth '64
MAYWOOD, CALIF.

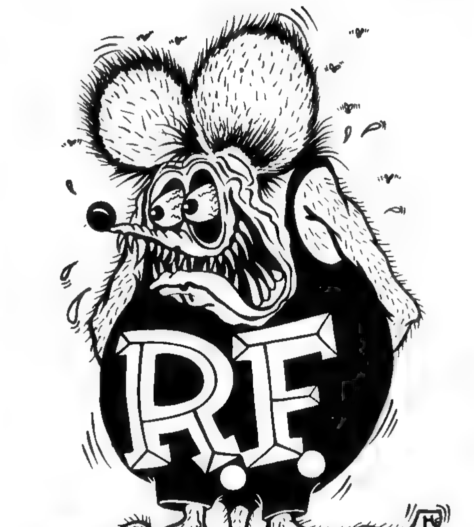

LOVER
BOY
MOTHER
"YEAH, YEAH, YEAH!"
S/FX
©RF '64
MAYWOOD, CAL.


SINKER TOY
NITRO
"I'M SEASICK!"
© Roth '65

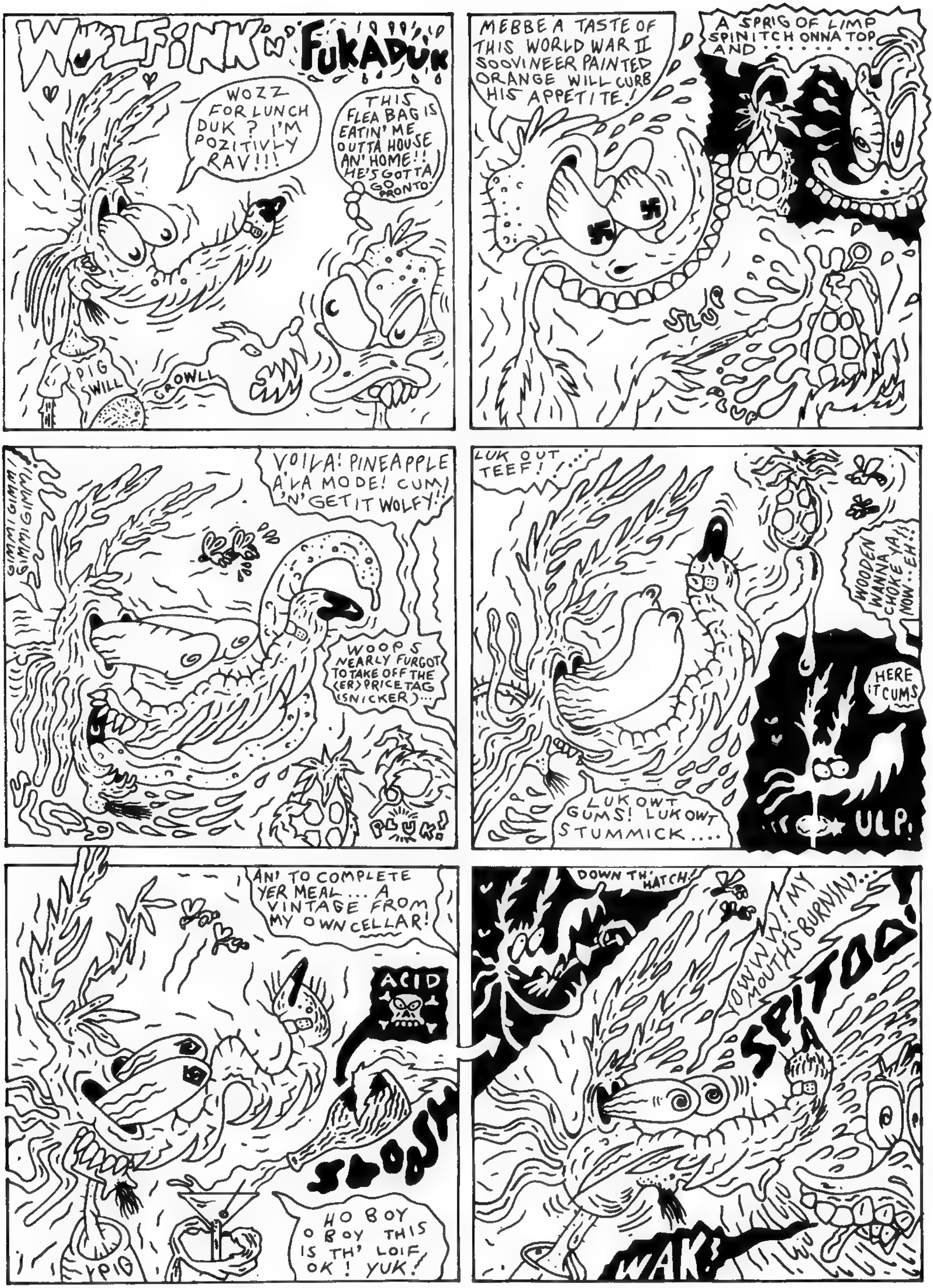

STORMIN'
G.T.O.
FORD MAN
G-T-O
CAT 389
©ROTH '64

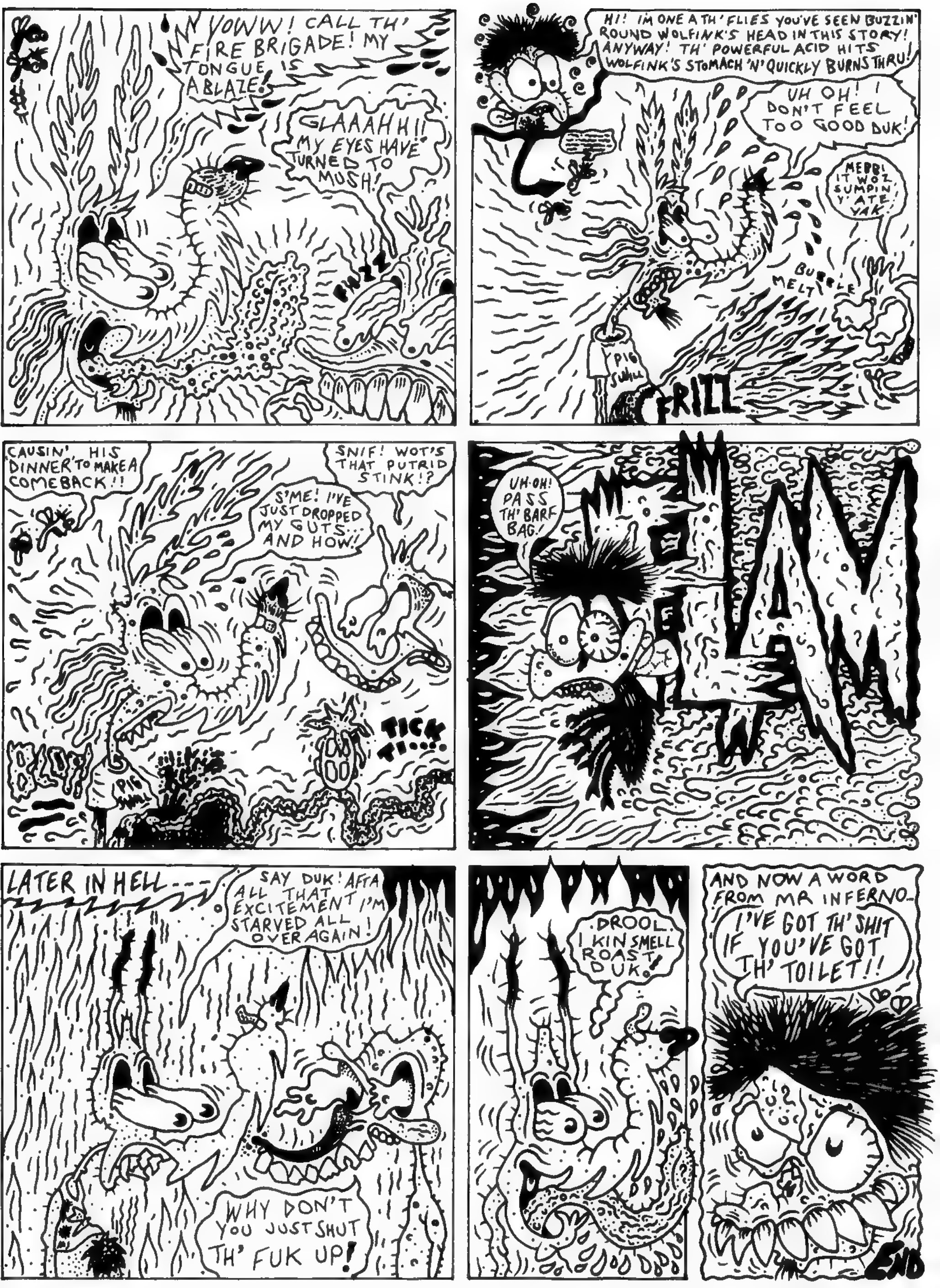

RACE?
HURST
© ROTH '65


BROTHER
RAT FINK
13
© ROTH '65

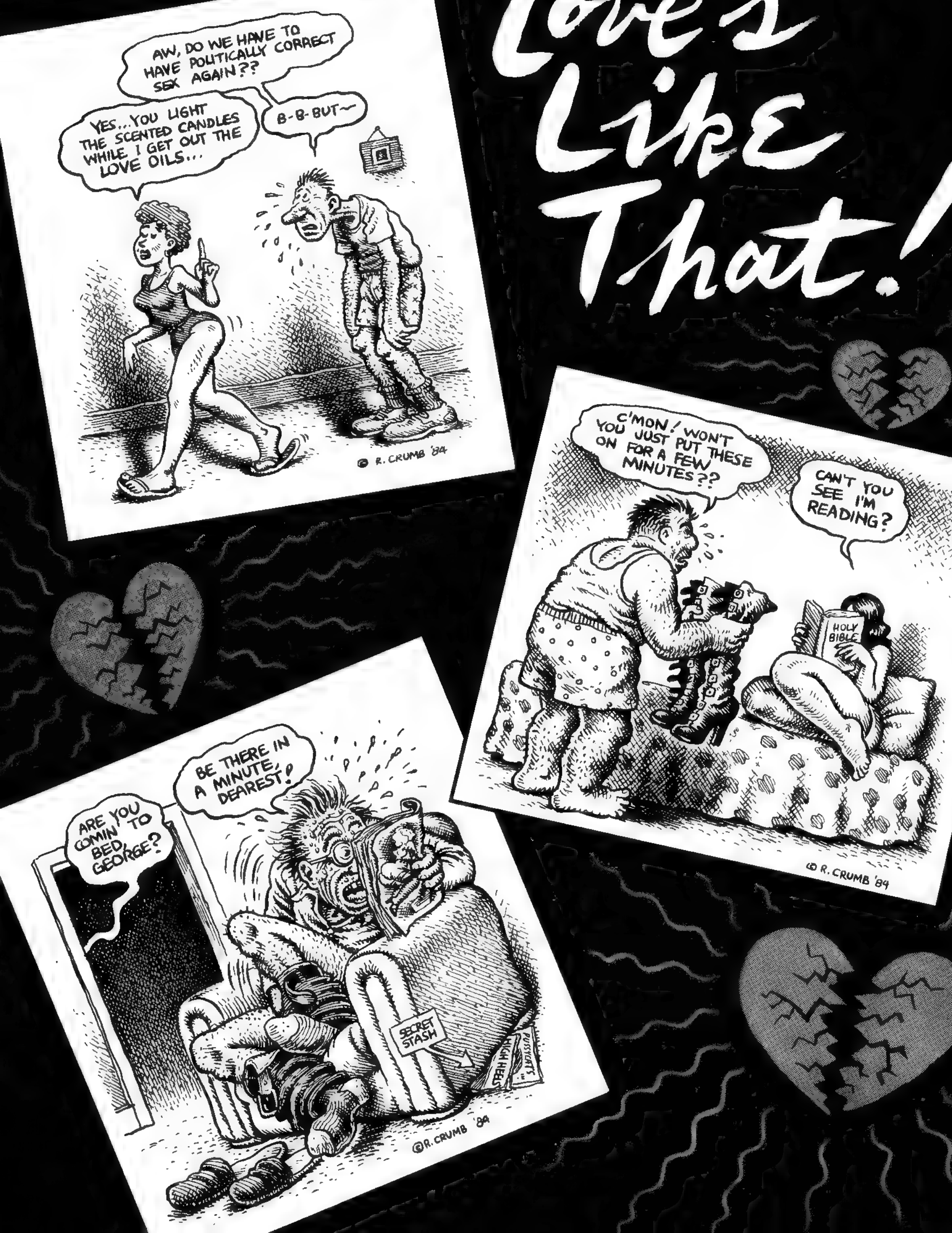


. . . WHAT IS COLORED "ROTTEN" TO THE CORE, "GARBAGE" AND "GORE", "POISON" IN EVERY PORE, AND "WARPED" FOREVERMORE?
. . . **YOURS TRULY, R.F.!**

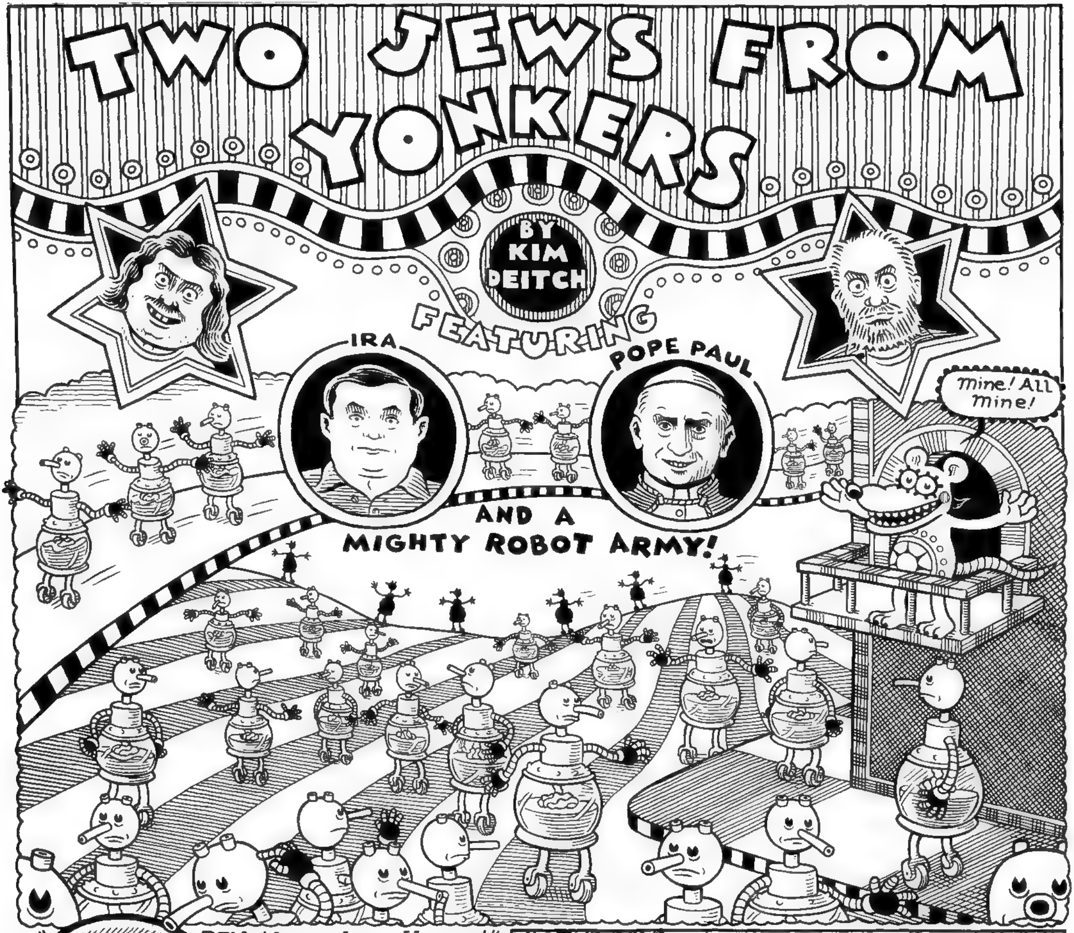

WOLFINK 'N' FUKADUK
WOZZ FOR LUNCH DUK? I'M POZITIVLY RAV!!!
THIS FLEA BAG IS EATIN' ME OUTTA HOUSE AN' HOME!! HE'S GOTTA GO PRONTO
PIG SWILL
GROWLL
MEBBE A TASTE OF THIS WORLD WAR II SOOVINEER PAINTED ORANGE WILL CURB HIS APPETITE!
A SPRIG OF LIMP SPINITCH ONNA TOP AND ....
SLUP
SLUP
VOILA! PINEAPPLE A'LA MODE! CUM 'N' GET IT WOLFY!
GIMMI GIMMI GIMMI GIMMI
WOOPS NEARLY FURGOT TO TAKE OFF THE (ER) PRICE TAG (SNICKER)....
PLUK!
LUK OUT TEEF! !...
WOODEN WANNA CHOKE YA NOW..EH!!
HERE IT CUMS
LUKOWT GUMS! LUKOWT STUMMICK....
ULP!
AN' TO COMPLETE YER MEAL... A VINTAGE FROM MY OWN CELLAR!
ACID
SPOOSH
HO BOY O BOY THIS IS TH' LOIF OK! YUK!
PIG
DOWN TH' HATCH!
YOWWW! MY MOUTH'S BURNIN'!...
SPITOO!
WAK!

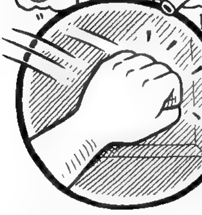

NYOWW! CALL TH' FIRE BRIGADE! MY TONGUE IS ABLAZE!
GLAAAHH!! MY EYES HAVE TURNED TO MUSH!
BUZZ
HI! I'M ONE A TH' FLIES YOU'VE SEEN BUZZIN' ROUND WOLFINK'S HEAD IN THIS STORY! ANYWAY! TH' POWERFUL ACID HITS WOLFINK'S STOMACH 'N' QUICKLY BURNS THRU!
UH OH! I DON'T FEEL TOO GOOD DUK!
MEBBE IT WOZ SUMPIN' Y'ATE YAK!
BUBBLE
MELT
PIG SWILL
FRIZZ
CAUSIN' HIS DINNER TO MAKE A COMEBACK!!
SNIF! WOT'S THAT PUTRID STINK!?
S'ME! I'VE JUST DROPPED MY GUTS... AND HOW!
BLOOP
PIG SWILL
TICK TI...
UH-OH! PASS TH' BARF BAG!
FLAM
LATER IN HELL...
SAY DUK! AFTA ALL THAT EXCITEMENT I'M STARVED ALL OVER AGAIN!
WHY DON'T YOU JUST SHUT TH' FUK UP!
DROOL I KIN SMELL ROAST DUK!
AND NOW A WORD FROM MR INFERNO...
I'VE GOT TH' SHIT IF YOU'VE GOT TH' TOILET!!
END
©1984 SAVAGE PENCIL

Love's Like That!


AW, DO WE HAVE TO HAVE POLITICALLY CORRECT SEX AGAIN??
YES...YOU LIGHT THE SCENTED CANDLES WHILE I GET OUT THE LOVE OILS...
B-B-BUT~
© R. CRUMB '84
C'MON! WON'T YOU JUST PUT THESE ON FOR A FEW MINUTES??
CAN'T YOU SEE I'M READING?
HOLY BIBLE
© R. CRUMB '84
ARE YOU COMIN' TO BED, GEORGE?
BE THERE IN A MINUTE, DEAREST!
SECRET STASH
HIGH HEELS
PUSSYCATS
©R. CRUMB '84

THE STRANGE SAGA OF TWO WEIRDO ARTISTS, WAY BACK IN THE STORMY 60'S!


TWO JEWS FROM YONKERS
BY KIM DEITCH
FEATURING
IRA
POPE PAUL
AND A MIGHTY ROBOT ARMY!
Mine! All Mine!



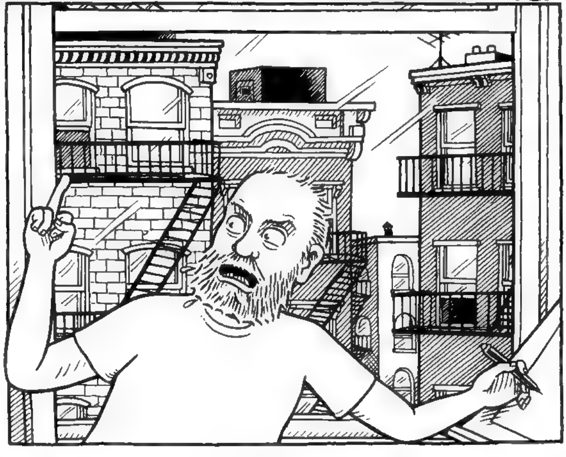
"OPEN thee door Heepy!" "Fuck You! We've got nothin of yours in here!" Harry turned back to his drawing board where a big white piece of bristol board glared back at him.

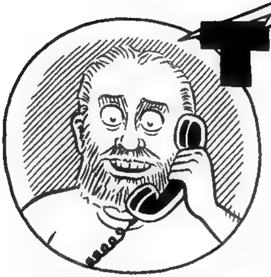
The Puerto Ricans started pounding on the door again as they had been off and on for the last two hours.

"Let us een Heepy!"

"Come on Heepy or we call thee Poleeece!"

"Yeah, why don't you just do that," taunted Harry.





THE phone rang. It was Arnie, his boss over at the paper.

"Well boys, how's it going?"

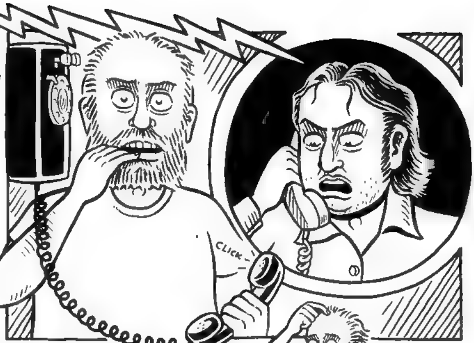
"Well we've got two drunk Puerto Ricans pounding on our door about to sic the cops on us but otherwise things are fine."

"Yeah great. How about your strip?"

"Getting there," lied Harry.

"Okay," said Arnie, "See you boys the day after tomorrow."

"Right, see ya then."



Harry Simon hung up the phone. Damn Arnie! The man had a sixth sense. He never called when Harry wasn't in trouble.

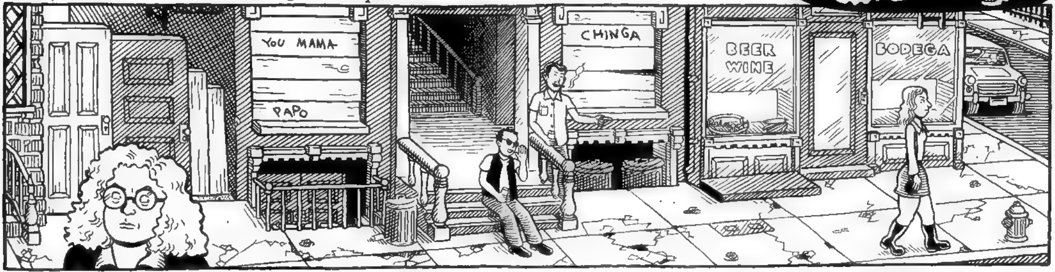
Hmm, thought Harry. Maybe he's seen Jake somewhere! Nah, he'd have told me. He stared at the oppressive white paper again and attempted to jolly himself along. Hell, this is nothing new. He'd pulled it off without Jake before. Besides it was only Sunday. He still had tomorrow. Just the same, it was a bad trend and he didn't like it. The underground comic team of Harry and Jake Simon was getting more one sided all the time.

"Two Jews from Yonkers." That's what a friend had called them. It wasn't entirely accurate since they'd actually come from the next town over, but Harry liked the sound of Two Jews from Yonkers. He thought it had a certain ring to it and even had it put on their letterhead.

Anyway, just now it was more like one Jew from Yonkers and the comic strip ideas were not flowing. It was Harry who did most of the final work for their weekly underground newspaper strip and it was he who had the ultimate responsibility for getting it in each week. Nevertheless, Harry didn't mind giving Jake half the credit.

Jake was excellent at telling Harry when he was off base. He was also a great idea "sparkplug" and Harry relied on him heavily.

Unfortunately he was becoming less and less reliable all the time. The fact is, neither one was exactly a bastion of responsibility, but compared to Jake, Harry was presidential timber.

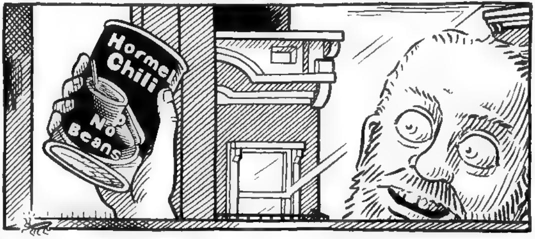


Of course the lower East side of New York was no stronghold of responsible behavior. Drugs were in and neither brother was immune to their influence. However, lately, Jake seemed to be sinking under the combined influence of speed and booze. Harry was worried.

Hmm, maybe some food's the ticket. Harry went to the kitchen area which split his and Jake's two rooms, pretty sure there was a can of Hormel beanless chile there. Yes it was still there. Wonderful. He reached for the can as three cockroaches scurried for cover.

Next he looked around the kitchen's disarray for the can opener. The place was never really clean, but just now it was in a particularly haphazard state.

They hadn't really recovered from their most recent burglary. The last time had been more thorough than usual and they were still discovering new things missing. The



latest casualty seemed to be the can opener. Damn!

He looked under the bathtub which was right next to the sink. Just about every flat below Avenue A had this odd arrangement, but all Harry found under it were gobs of dust and some dead cockroaches.

In desperation he grabbed a steel triangle from among his art supplies and managed to hammer a wedge into the can with the triangle and a rock. He scooped the chile out through a jagged hole with a spoon and soon had it cooking over a low blue flame.

THERE was a loud knock at the door.

"What!" yelled Harry.

"It's the Police. We'd like to come in and look around."

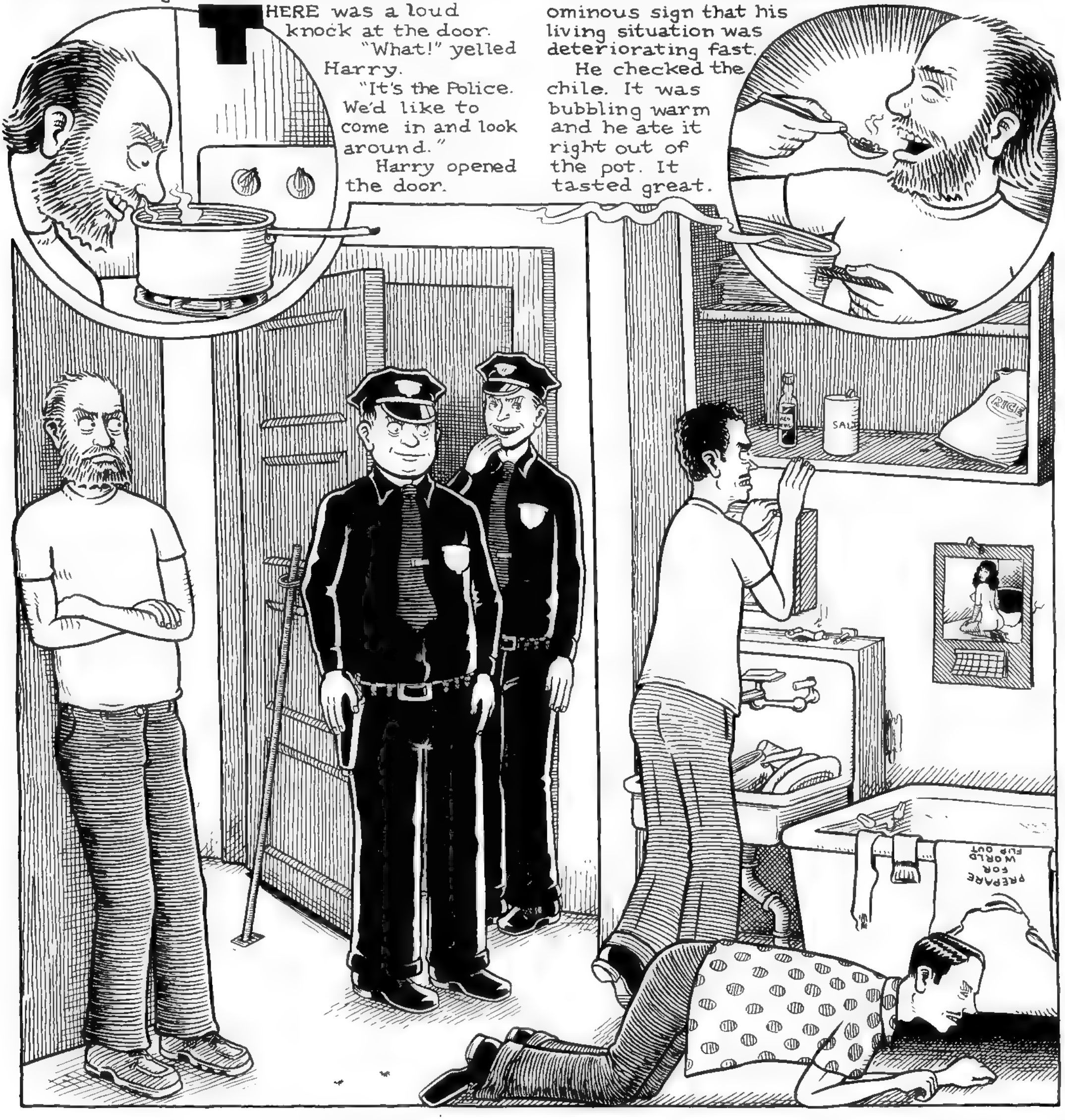
Harry opened the door.

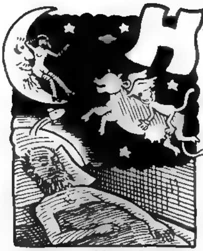
In came two cops followed by the two Puerto Ricans who'd been pounding on the door all day. The Puerto Ricans were short, wiry and in their mid thirties.

They looked around kind of meekly while the cops watched. They were in and out in less than a minute and found nothing that belonged to them.

"Jerks!" muttered Harry after they'd left. In a way he sympathized with them. They were probably taken off by the same ones that got us last time, Harry figured. Still the incident bothered him. It was another ominous sign that his living situation was deteriorating fast.

He checked the chile. It was bubbling warm and he ate it right out of the pot. It tasted great.

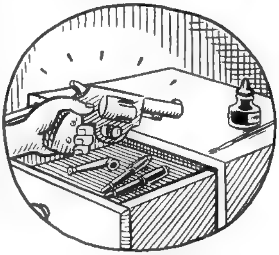

SALT
RICE
PREPARE FOR WORLD FLIP OUT



HARRY felt lousy when he woke up the next morning. His dreams all night had been a long chattering line of vague comic strip plots. A bad night's sleep but at least it showed his subconscious was working.

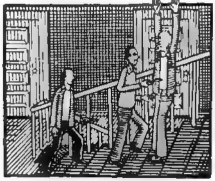
Anyway he had no time to wallow in self pity. Just one more day to finish his as yet unconceived comic strip. He dressed for his brief exodus onto the street for breakfast.

Just before leaving, he reached into the drawer that held his rapidograph pens, removed an ancient five shot revolver and slid it into his jeans. He didn't like carrying it, had never fired it, but it *was* the cornerstone of his and Jake's personal safety.

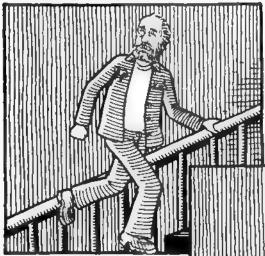


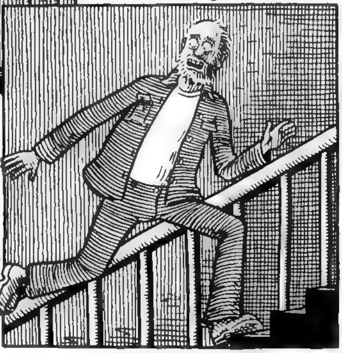
Harry and Jake had been in their flat for more than two years; ever since they moved to Manhattan in pursuit of comic strip glory. It was situated on eighth street between avenues B and C; just a block from Tompkin's Square Park.

For Harry the situation had slipped from poor to critical about five months earlier when he'd been mugged at knife point. Two junkies had followed him into the building and caught up with him on the fifth floor; got him for thirty bucks and a watch. Harry knew that news traveled fast on the junkie grapevine and he got a gun immediately.

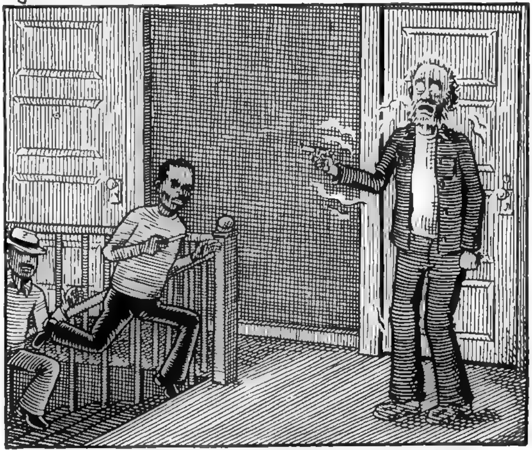


He was right. Two days later, as he climbed the apartment stairs, he heard a fast tap tap tapping about a flight behind him which didn't let up as he increased his own pace. They caught up with him on his own floor this time as he feverishly tried to open the sluggish police lock on his door.

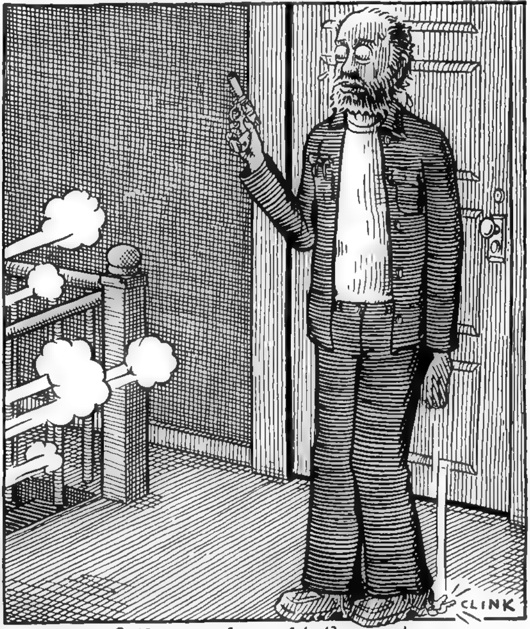




His hand wobbled badly when he pulled the gun out.



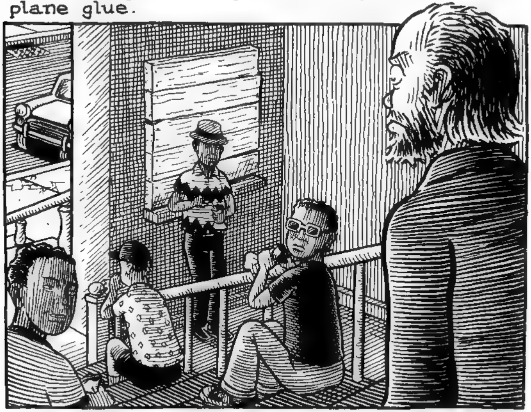
To his utter astonishment, the two assailants seemed to disappear like characters in an animated cartoon.



News of the gun brought things to an uneasy standoff and there'd been no more mugging attempts since then.

Even armed he had a queasy feeling just coming and going from the building at any given time. He felt it now. The long steel bolt of the police lock slid back giving off a slight metallic ring as he opened the door. The halls reeked of garbage, Puerto Rican cooking and cockroach spray.

LOUNGING along the last flight of stairs facing the entrance, was a cluster of young glue heads, the building's latest and most pathetic phenomenon. They were very young. Harry estimated the average age of these Puerto Rican boys was about twelve. They were busily inhaling small bags full of airplane glue.

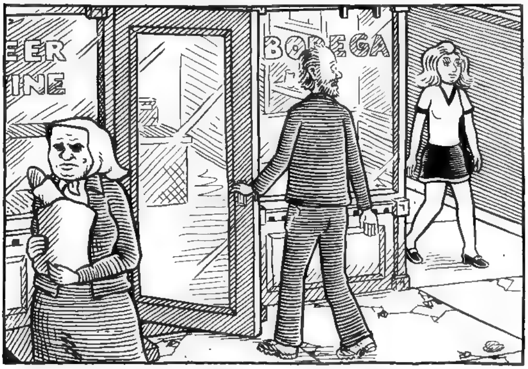


When they weren't loitering on the front steps, they used to hang out on the roof and it was still heavily littered with squeezed out tubes of Testor's airplane glue.

However recently, the apartment next to Harry and Jake's had been gutted by fire and the glue heads now used the abandoned flat as their headquarters. Great neighbors.

Actually, constant glue sniffing had left these kids utterly uncoordinated and debilitated. They were no threat to anybody's personal safety and Harry felt pity for them more than anything else.

He walked gingerly along the sidewalk which was a sea of cracks punctuated by frequent islands of dog shit. Just as he was about to step into a corner bodega, he heard someone call his name out.



He looked across the street to the entrance of Tompkin's Square Park and saw Ira Mednick. Harry pretended not to see him and was about to enter the store when Ira ran over.

IRA, a large twenty year old high school drop out, was a real neighborhood phenomenon; a white native. He was built somewhat along the lines of the Incredible Hulk. He could kick ass with easy aplomb, but he was no bully.

The first time Harry saw Ira, he was defending his brother Seymore, a hopelessly swishy faggot against three neighborhood toughs. Harry liked him on sight and when he met him a short time later, the two had become friends.

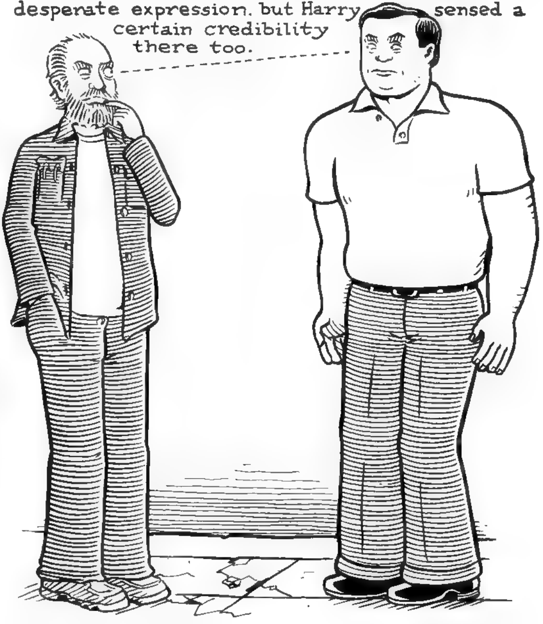
However Ira had fallen on Evil days. Over the previous six months he had gradually gotten hooked on heroin and was now totally strung out. He'd lost some weight, but it only seemed to make him look leaner and tougher. Harry, who was six feet tall and weighed a hundred and seventy pounds, looked puny next to Ira.

"What's happening Ira?" said Harry, steeling himself to reject any proposition Ira might make. Ira had burned his bridges well all over the neighborhood and Harry was in no mood or position to "loan" him any more money.

"Hey man, you wouldn't be into some really good speed would ya? I got some stuff that is dy-na-mite!"

Speed! This is something he hadn't considered! Harry dabbled in the stuff occasionally but it wasn't really his thing.

Besides, he was pretty alarmed at the inroads it was making in Jake. Nevertheless, it might be the very thing to save the day; give him the pep to be two Jews from Yonkers rolled into one. He studied Ira who studied him right back. His plain flat face had a slightly desperate expression. but Harry sensed a certain credibility there too.



"How much?"

"Dollar a pill."

Harry started to move toward the store. Ira pulled him roughly back by the shoulders.

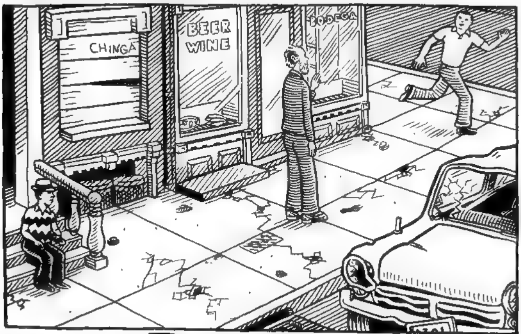
"Harry I swear this is good stuff. I'm getting two dollars a pill uptown easy! No shit!"

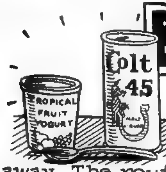
"Okay, I'll go four," said Harry after a moment's hesitation.

"Great! Gimme the money and I'll meet you in th' park with it in ten minutes.

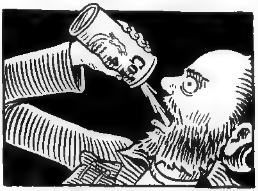
"Get out of here!"

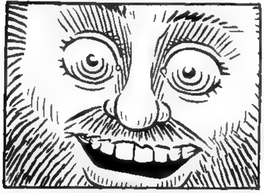
Ira shrugged. "Okay. Okay. See ya in ten across the street."



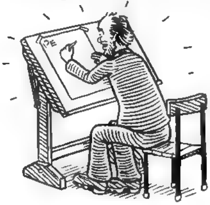


BACK in the flat Harry produced his breakfast from a paper bag; a tropical fruit yogurt and a can of Colt 45. He polished off the former quickly and washed down two of Ira's pills with the latter. He felt better right away. The routine queasiness of his return home was gone already. Of course he attributed that to the Colt 45. But wait! He could feel a certain zinginess coming over him! My God! Ira wasn't kidding!

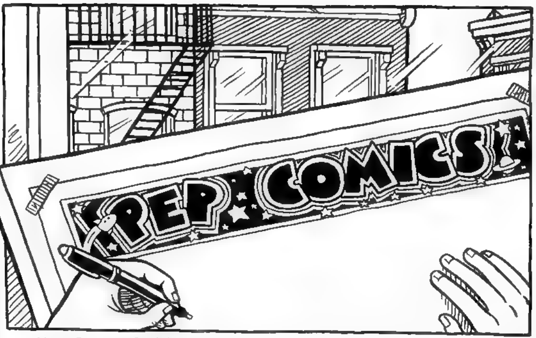




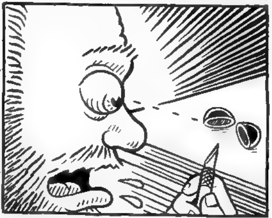
He fairly ran to the drawing board. Start the logo! Why not! Plenty of times he'd get a logo down before he had a story, just to get things rolling. He'd call it "Pep Comics" in honor of the grand and glorious feeling that was fast coming over him.



Fortyfive minutes later the logo was a sterling reality. A beauty! All flash and fire! Still no story but who cares? He knew it would soon be there.



Maybe a little more speed! Just a taste. He decided to take half of one of the other two pills; save the rest for the home stretch.



With an exacto knife he began to carefully split one of the pills and stared with sinking disbelief at its chocolatey center. He chewed. The sickening truth was confirmed. Ira had sold him four M and M candies.

THE phone rang and Harry wearily plodded into the kitchen to get it. It was Jake.

"Where the fuck have you been?"

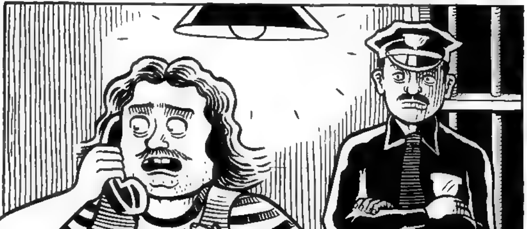
"Hey keep your shirt on will ya; I'm in jail."

"What do you mean jail!" said Harry apoplectically.

"Relax will ya? Twentyfive dollars takes me home. It's no big thing. Some bullshit cop pulled me in for selling Pope Paul buttons without a licence."

"What the fuck are you talking about?"

"Look never mind. I'll fill you in later. Just get me out of here! I'm goin crazy!"



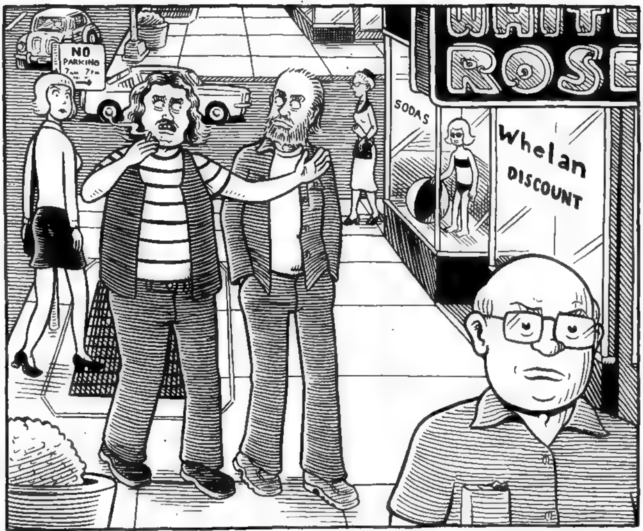
Harry grumbled on a bit more about the money but finally got the address of the police station and told Jake he'd get there as soon as he could.

ABOUT an hour later, he and Jake emerged from a police station in the West fifties. You could tell they were brothers at a glance. They had the same piercing eyes though Jake's were somewhat less severe.

Harry was older, taller and skinnier. At twentyfour he was already losing his hair. As if to compensate for this galling fact, he wore a full beard which made him look even more severe.

Jake was a battleworn twentyone. Though all the speed he took should have made him skinny, chronic beer drinking kept his weight up. His face had a high color and liquor fat puffiness. He was nominally clean shaven except for a mustache which he grew droopily over his mouth in an attempt to hide several missing front teeth.

"So what happened," said Harry unenthusiastically.



They were coming upon one of the White Rose Bars, a dingy chain of budget bars that were spotted throughout Manhattan.

"Look," said Jake. "I'm a real wreck." He gestured towards the White Rose. "Lets stop in the bar and I'll tell all. Believe me you won't believe it."

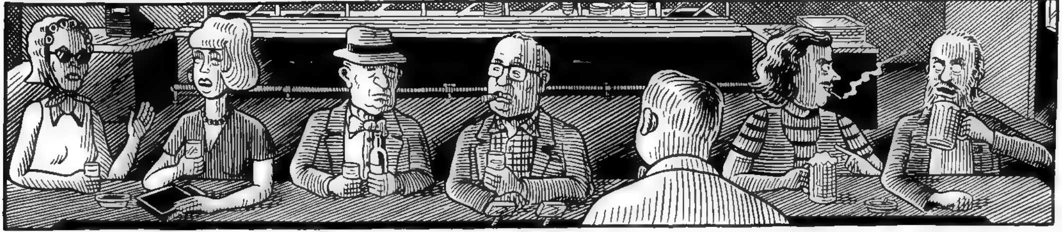
"There's no time," said Harry with a slight edge of panic in his voice; "We've got a strip to do!"

"We'll do it," soothed Jake, "but my nerves are all in."

Harry still looked unimpressed so Jake played his trump.

"Besides I wanna tell you how I met the Pope. Maybe we can get a strip out of it."

They entered the bar. The lunch counter opposite the bar was closed for the day and there were only several blousy looking housewives and two older pensioners sitting at one end of the bar. Harry and Jake made for the other end. Harry ordered two large mugs of beer.



"Well, there's your beer. What happened? I've been going crazy..."

"Like I told you; I met the Pope. He blessed me!"

"Yeah, and I had lunch with Joan Crawford," said Harry taking a sip of beer. So what else is new?"

Jake grinned and took a long pull. "I'm not kidding! Just shut up and listen!" The floor was Jake's

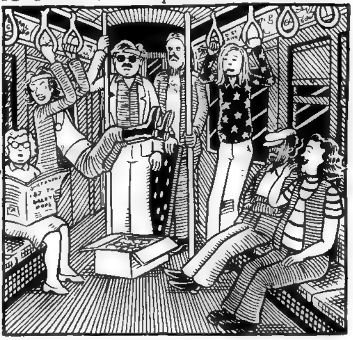
"It's like this. I was over in Washington Square Park and ran into Jamie. I hadn't seen him since he burned me on that speed deal. You remember I was telling ...."

"Get on with it!" said Harry impatiently.

"So Jamie's got all these Pope Paul buttons he's gonna sell over at Rockefeller center where the Pope's gonna make this big personal appearance. About six guys in the park were goin over. Georgie, Floyd, Eddie Bird ...."

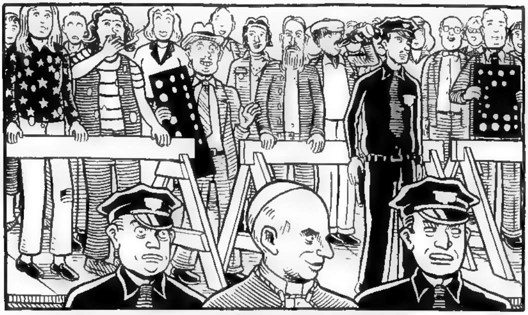
"Yeah, yeah,"

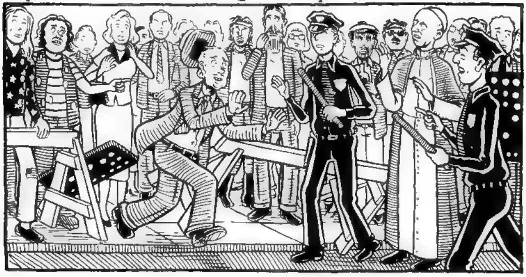
"Anyway Jamie offers to split his buttons with me on account of what he owes me. So a bird in the hand and all. Anyway we snorted a little bit of meth that Jamie had, panhandled forty cents and took the subway over to Rockefeller center with the other guys.



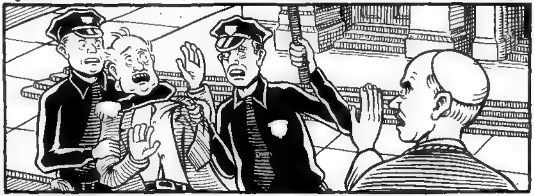
"Well at first business is so so. The Pope is late and competition is heavy. Plus the cops wouldn't let us mingle. They had all the souvenir sellers herded together.

"Finally the Pope arrives. A whole bunch of cops are trying to get him inside fast, but they aren't having a whole lot of luck. There's just too many people there. But they're just getting him past us when this button seller, an old Italian guy decides he wants to meet the Pope. He breaks through the police line and he's makin for the Pope when these two cops start beating on him.





They probably would have hauled him off to jail but the Pope sees it and tells em to stop.



He asks to have all the souvenir guys brought through the line and pretty soon there's about fifteen of us standing in front of the Pope including six of us from the park!"

Jake stopped momentarily to let this much of the narrative sink in while Harry ordered another round of beers.

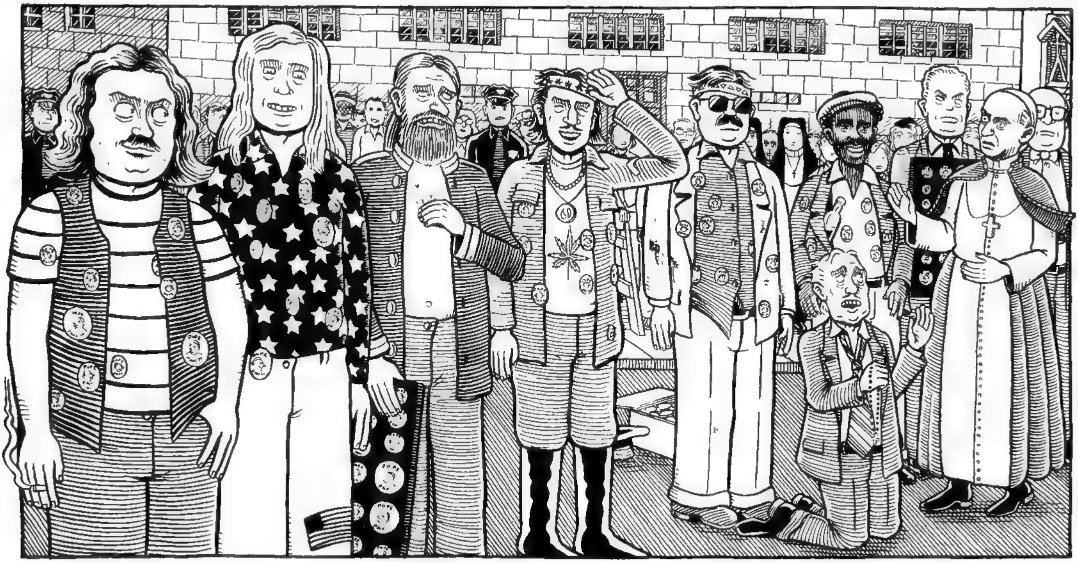
"So anyway the Pope goes down the line blessing each one until he gets to the six of us from the park and stops kind of startled like he didn't know what to make of us. Maybe he's never seen any Hippies because he's looking at us like we're some weird kind of poor people they haven't been telling him about.

"But he finally blesses us along with the rest. You should have seen the cops! They were pissed off!

"And let me tell you! After that business was great! We doubled our price and sold everything!"

"So how come I'm bailin you out!" said Harry.

"Well it's like this. We're all headin for the subway, feelin good and it turns out Eddie Bird's got some speed for sale. I knew I could get high and make money too, so I bought some. So,.... just outside the subway



entrance, I saw a phone booth. I told the guys to wait a minute and I went in;... to call you up!" he added defensively.

"Uh huh."

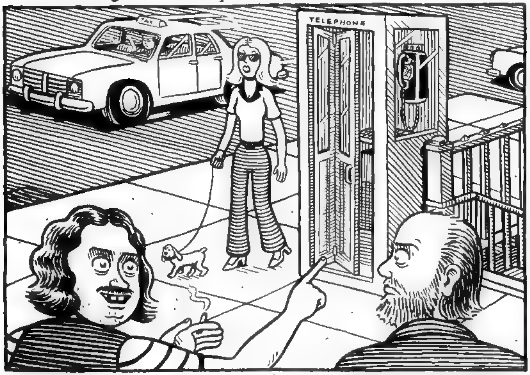
"So this cop from the Pope thing suddenly comes from around the corner. The others see him first and scatter, but he sees I'm stuck in the booth and he zooms right in on me. The fucker busts me for selling buttons without a license."

Harry glanced at the clock over the bar. It was ten of three.

"Listen," he said, "It's a good story, but finish it on the way home; we've got work to do."

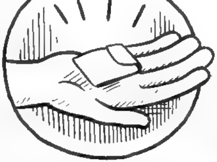
They walked in silence for about half a block. Jake was beginning to look anxious. At the corner was a subway entrance. Right next to it was a phone booth.

"There it is!" shouted Jake, pointing feverishly at the phone booth.

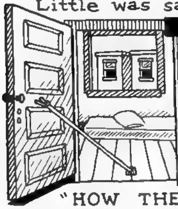


"Look," said Harry, "if you think I believe all that....."

Ignoring Harry, Jake ran to the booth, got out his keys, and inserted one behind the phone's metal coin slot. After a few seconds of careful manuvering, he managed to slide a tiny packet of white powder out from behind it. He smiled triumphantly and held it out for Harry to see.



Little was said by either one on the way back.



THE front door of their apartment gaped open in ominous greeting when they got back. They were thunderstruck.

Harry examined the locks. To his amazement, there was no sign of tampering on any of them.

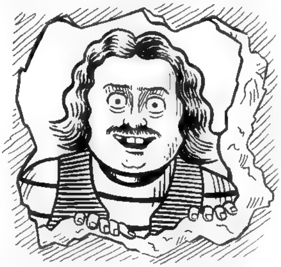
"HOW THE FUCK!"

"Oh brother," moaned Jake from inside, "Get a load of this!"

Dazed, Harry walked in. Jake stood in Harry's room, staring at a jagged, vaguely round hole in the wall. It was about a foot up from the floor, just large enough for someone to squeeze through. It led to the apartment of their neighbors, the glue heads.

"I don't believe it," said Harry, sinking into a chair near the drawing board. Jake wandered back into his room.

"Hey. They got the radio!" he yelled a few seconds later.

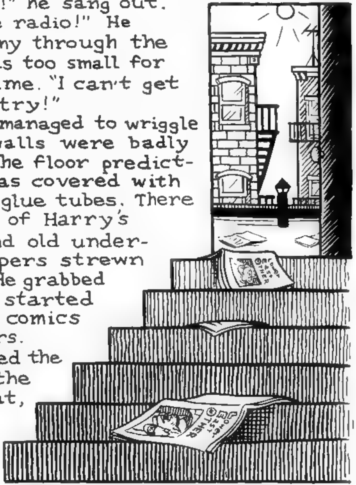


After taking hurried inventory of the rest of the flat, he came back into Harry's room.

"There doesn't seem to be much else missing."

"Nothing much left to steal," said Harry almost catatonically.

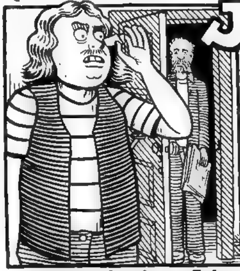
Jake knelt amidst chinks of plaster and peered through the hole.



"Nobody home!" he sang out. "Hey! I see the radio!" He tried to shimmy through the hole but it was too small for his portly frame. "I can't get through! You try!"

Harry just managed to wriggle through. The walls were badly scorched and the floor predictably enough, was covered with squeezed out glue tubes. There were also lots of Harry's comic books and old underground newspapers strewn everywhere. He grabbed the radio and started picking up the comics and newspapers.

When he opened the front door of the glue head's flat, there was a trail of more papers and comics leading up the stairs to the roof. Harry followed it picking up as he went, but there were no glue heads to be found on the roof either.



JAKE was industriously sending speed up his nose when Harry re-entered the apartment. He didn't stop, but walked wearily back to his own room, dropped the retrieved debris on his mattress and sank into his chair. I can not take much more of this he thought.

He was still sitting there staring blankly at his board, when Jake came in twenty minutes later. "Hey come off it!" he said, eyes glistening, "You look like they stole your life support system!" He looked over Harry's shoulder at the logo he'd drawn earlier that day. "Pep Comics huh? NOT BAD! NOT BAD AT ALL!"

Harry made no response.

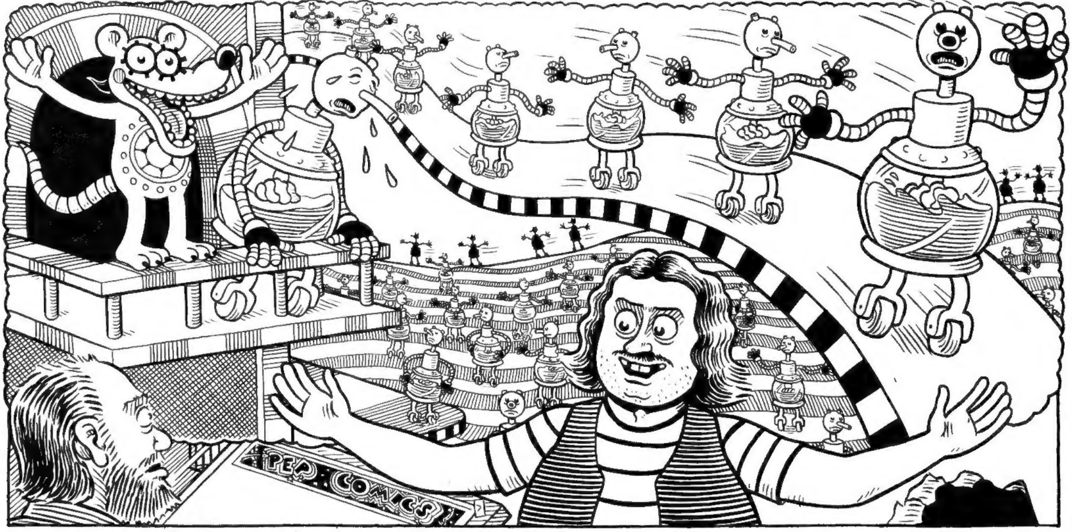
"Come on! Snap out of it! We've gotta comic strip to do! The show must go on!"

"Why don't you draw it?" said Harry listlessly.

"Maybe I just will," said Jake, clearly feeling his oats. He looked at the hole and laughed. "One thing's for sure; They'll never go near that hole while we're in here. They know we'd blow their fuckin heads off!"

It wasn't a particularly clever remark, but Harry smiled in spite of himself.

"Hey!" said Jake, "How about doing a strip with this guy sitting in a room see? And there's this hole in the wall just like this one! Only the top of this guy's head's been sawed off! A clean cut and his brain's missing see? He's just sitting there staring blankly at nothing!



Then in panel two there's this robot! Only his stomach's made of clear plexiglas and there's the guy's brain in it see?"

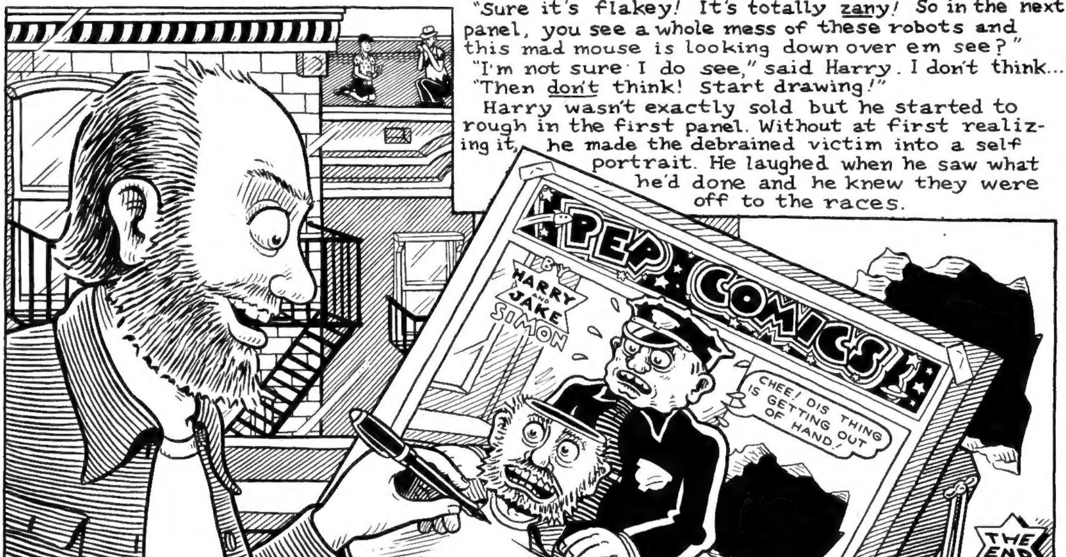
"I don't know. It's kind of flakey if you ask me."

"Sure it's flakey! It's totally zany! So in the next panel, you see a whole mess of these robots and this mad mouse is looking down over em see?"

"I'm not sure I do see," said Harry. I don't think..."

"Then don't think! Start drawing!"

Harry wasn't exactly sold but he started to rough in the first panel. Without at first realizing it, he made the debrained victim into a self portrait. He laughed when he saw what he'd done and he knew they were off to the races.


PEP COMICS!
BY HARRY AND JAKE SIMON
CHEE! DIS THING IS GETTING OUT OF HAND!
THE END

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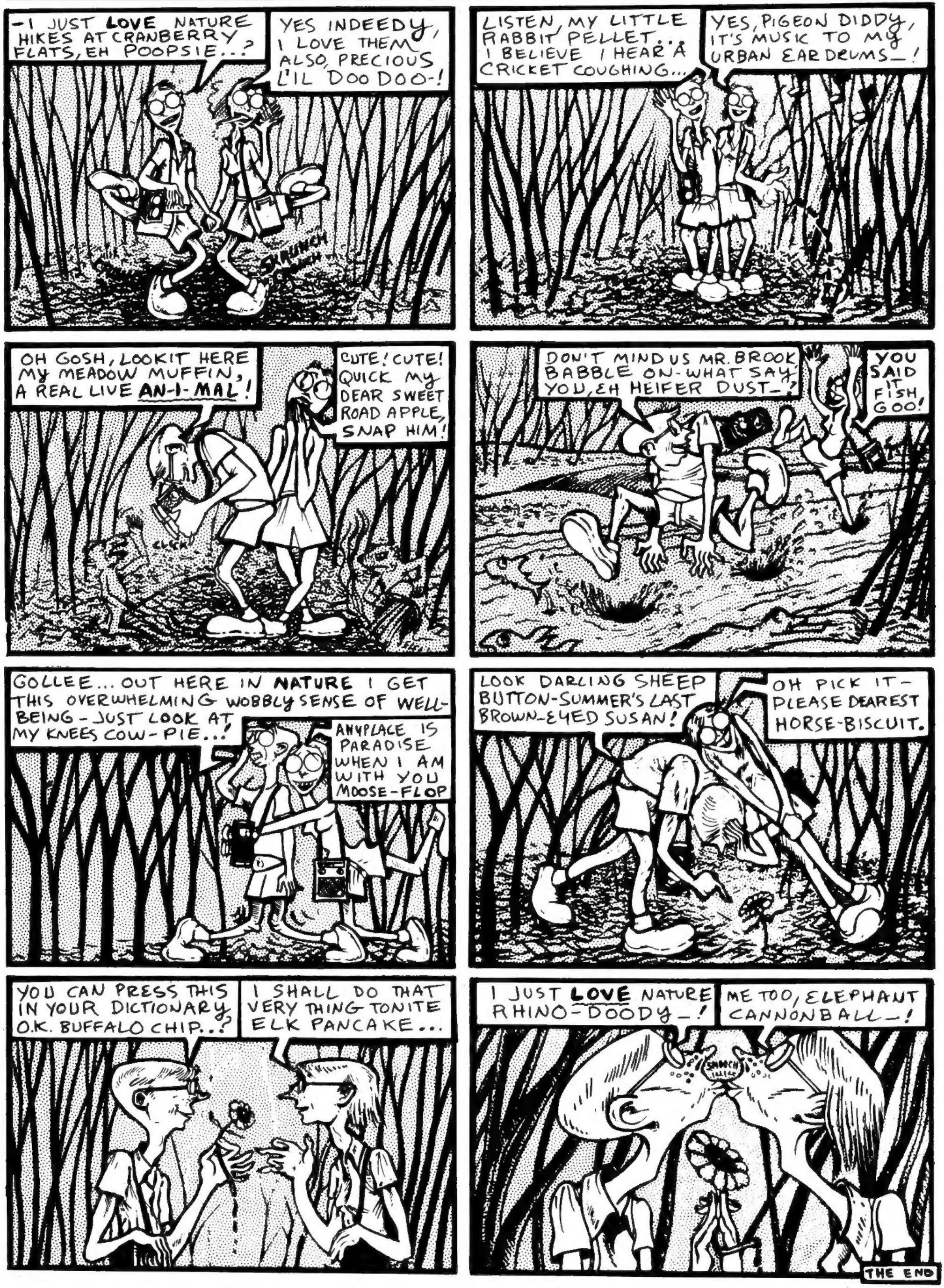
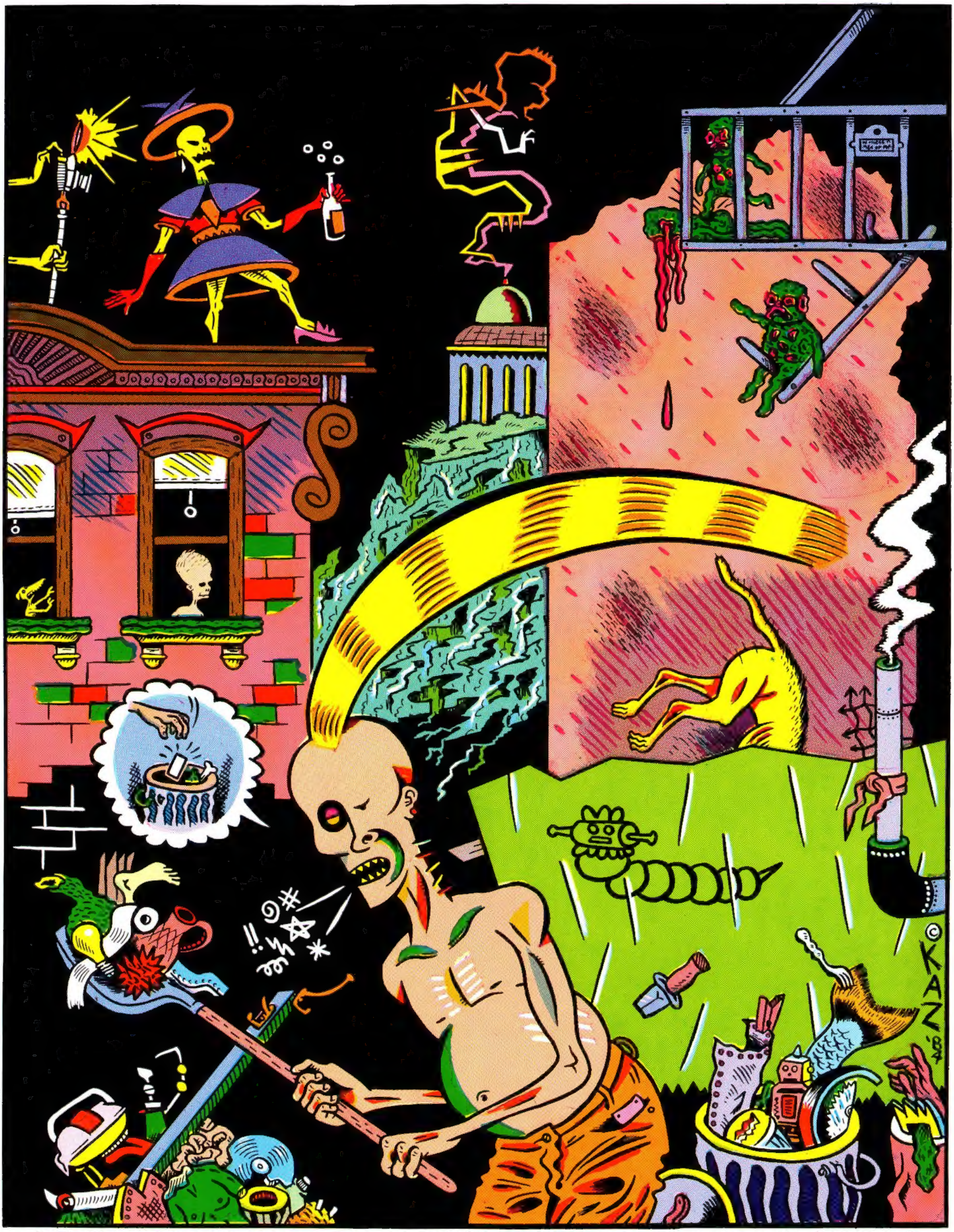
NATURE LOVERS BY DAVE GEARY © 1984


-I JUST LOVE NATURE HIKES AT CRANBERRY FLATS, EH POOPSIE...?
YES INDEEDY, I LOVE THEM ALSO, PRECIOUS L'IL DOO DOO-!
SKRUNCH
crunch
LISTEN, MY LITTLE RABBIT PELLET.. I BELIEVE I HEAR A CRICKET COUGHING...
YES, PIGEON DIDDY, IT'S MUSIC TO MY URBAN EAR DRUMS_!
OH GOSH, LOOKIT HERE MY MEADOW MUFFIN, A REAL LIVE AN-I-MAL!
CUTE! CUTE! QUICK MY DEAR SWEET ROAD APPLE, SNAP HIM!
CLICK
DON'T MIND US MR. BROOK BABBLE ON-WHAT SAY YOU, EH HEIFER DUST_?
YOU SAID IT FISH GOO!
GOLLEE... OUT HERE IN NATURE I GET THIS OVERWHELMING WOBBLY SENSE OF WELL-BEING - JUST LOOK AT MY KNEES COW-PIE...!
ANYPLACE IS PARADISE WHEN I AM WITH YOU MOOSE-FLOP
LOOK DARLING SHEEP BUTTON-SUMMER'S LAST BROWN-EYED SUSAN!
OH PICK IT - PLEASE DEAREST HORSE-BISCUIT.
YOU CAN PRESS THIS IN YOUR DICTIONARY, O.K. BUFFALO CHIP..?
I SHALL DO THAT VERY THING TONITE ELK PANCAKE...
I JUST LOVE NATURE RHINO-DOODY_!
ME TOO, ELEPHANT CANNONBALL_!
SMOOCH
THE END



...LOTTERY OFFICIALS ARE STILL LOOKING FOR THAT SIX MILLION DOLLAR TICKET HOLDER TO CLAIM HIS OR HER PRIZE...

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